

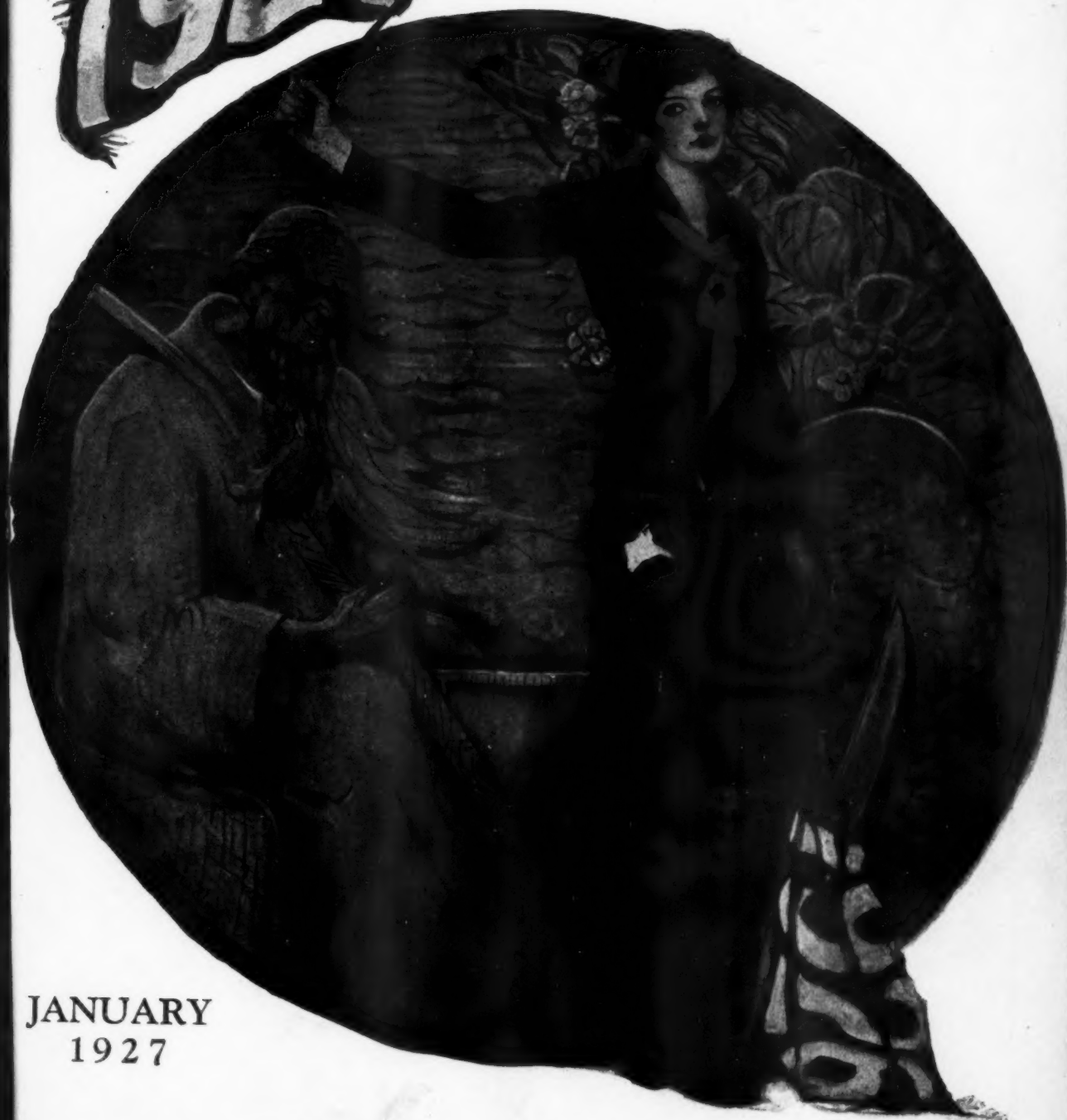
The American Girl

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1927



JANUARY
1927

Augusta Huiell Seaman ❖ Jane Abbott ❖ Edmund M. Littell
Emilie Benson Knipe ❖ Alden Arthur Knipe ❖ Dorothy Sanburn Phillips

"Allow Us to Introduce——"

Roselle of the North

Thrills—mystery—adventure—Roselle knows all these. She is the heroine of Constance Lindsay Skinner's new mystery serial—more mysterious even than our Becky Landers. "I wish you could fly, Roselle," Dark Fontaine said, and he meant that he wished to snatch her away from the hazards and adventure of that wilderness life. But who was she—with her red gold curls and ways that were so different? Who was her mother? Was Dark Fontaine her father? Roselle, as well as Dark Fontaine, sensed danger. But she had not dreamed that so soon Kaska would lead her away to unknown hazards. It's a thrilling story—a brave story—written especially for THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Midge



Of course you remember Midge—Oakdale Freshman president, strategist against the Sophomores, humbler of Lidia. Here she is again, with Sally and Cousin Leonard, facing midnight dangers and suffocation to outwit the ancient enemy, in a new boarding-school story by Mary Frances Shuford.

Eileen

This is Margaret Widdemer's Eileen whom some of you have met before in "Eileen and the Golden Helen." Marcia is here, too—and Eileen's brother Ralph; and there is a week-end party in an old house and the exciting surprise of Eileen's dream door, which only Eileen took seriously, until one day—



Sairy Ann



The whisper of a plot sends her on a lonely night climb over the ridge in her Kentucky mountain home. Darkness and trouble lie ahead, but something precious is saved to Sairy Ann in this exciting story by Genevieve Fox, of a girl of determination and daring.

Harriet

Our Harriet—and Jane Abbott's—who found herself in the midst of a baffling mystery when she visited Aunt Marcia. It is also good-bye for Harriet in this last thrilling installment of "Heart's Desire," which contains surprises for you as well as for Harriet and her cousins.



"Well, I might as well admit,"—another girl tells of her problem. And there is the story of a girl who wanted to be a nurse. Hazel Rawson Cades writes of party dresses, Mrs. Christine Frederick of party cooking. You may read of a new and fascinating kind of hike, and of pictures for your own room. All in February.

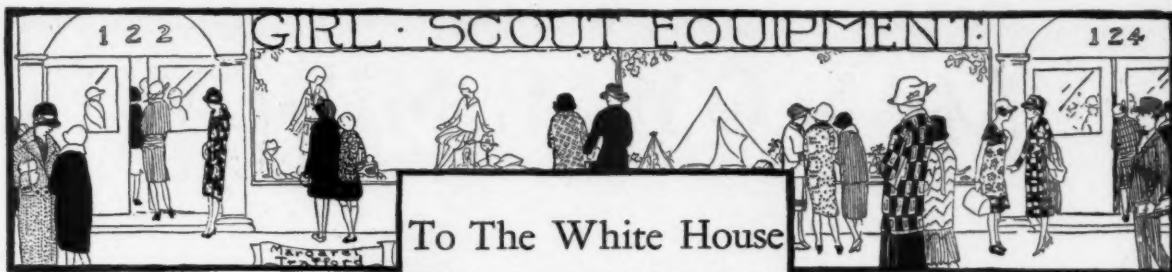


Peggy

That's not her real name—what it is we have promised not to tell and you can understand why when you know that she is going to let us print her diary. But she is a real girl and a Girl Scout, who does have the best times and thinks of the most interesting things to do. Watch for "The Real Diary of a Real Girl Scout."

They are waiting to meet you in

THE AMERICAN GIRL for February



To The White House

YES, every month THE AMERICAN GIRL goes to Mrs. Coolidge at the White House. This is a copy of her "stencil" in our subscription files—where it is now, along with yours. Readers of

Ju 27-28 17187
Mrs Calvin Coolidge
White House
Washington D C

our magazine will have a special interest in knowing this, since Mrs. Hoover's story in our November issue has made us all feel so well acquainted with Mrs. Coolidge herself. It is always interesting to know what famous people were like when they were young. We're sure that everyone who read the story would have loved knowing the Grace Goodhue who became America's first lady.

So many letters have come in, expressing appreciation of that story. Here are a few of them. Margaret B. Milliken of Troop 3, Providence, R. I., writes, "I have always liked the stories about the First Ladies of the Land, but I liked this one best of all. It was the first story I read when my magazine came, and I found it was the most entertaining. I liked it especially because it made me feel in a way acquainted with Mrs. Coolidge and made me realize more than ever that she was once a girl just like us Girl Scouts."

Anna S. Lash of New York City says, "I have read your articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL of the wives and daughters of the Presidents. The one I liked best was that of Grace Goodhue Coolidge as a girl. I liked chiefly the part where as a girl she used to help her mother, never dreaming that some day she would be the first lady of the land."

Peg Smith, Patrol Leader in Troop 11 of Canton, Ohio, joins in with—"Mrs. Hoover's story about the girlhood of Mrs. Coolidge was a real treat to all Girl Scouts and I want to tell you that I enjoyed it immensely."

Mrs. Hoover is also a subscriber, as well as a contributor to THE AMERICAN GIRL. She is first vice-president of the Girl Scouts of America, and a friend

F 24 25 26 27-28 11035
Mrs Herbert Hoover
2300 S Street
Washington D C

of all girls. Here is the way her stencil looks. It is filed away in the subscription department along with yours and the stencils of thousands of others who take the magazine.

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Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store—where a special department awaits you.

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THE MAN O'WAR Middy has made middies popular again because of its smart, distinctive style. Here is a garment that a girl can wear with the assurance that she looks her best. For this middy fits. The sloped sides hug the figure and give the hips a flat, boyish effect. The collar does not pull away from the neck. The MAN O'WAR Middy has a generous three inch hem at the bottom so that it can be worn either co-ed style or bloused.

The MAN O'WAR Middy illustrated is well tailored and made of fine quality snow white Super-Jean. Over half the Girl Scouts questioned recently voted this middy a favorite in a "referendum" held by the American Girl Magazine. The MAN O'WAR Middy is on sale at leading department stores and at Girl Scout National Equipment Headquarters, New York.

BRANIGAN, GREEN & CO.

Originators of the Sloped Side Middy
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EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOL, CAMP OR GYM





Along the Editor's Trail

HAVE you ever looked into the mirror on New Year's Day and wondered what was going to happen to you before next New Year's—how you would look then, what you would be like?

Of course, one year doesn't make a great deal of difference. But when we stop to think about it, one year added to another added to another and on and on makes up our whole lives!

Looking into the mirror, wondering what is going to happen, what you are going to be doing, what you will get to be like. The blue or the brown or the grey eyes that you see, the straight or the tip-tilted nose, the smiling mouth—this is the girl you see. But you and I know there is another girl there, who is not obligingly reflected in the glass.

She is the girl you are inside. She is the girl who wants to do things as she grows older. But what? How you wish you knew! And you envy some of the other girls. There is Jean. Jean plays the piano beautifully. Or Lucille. Lucille is editor of the school paper and all the girls enjoy her stories. Jean and Lucille know what they can do. But you—you are hidden away, inside. And how can you or anyone else get to know the real you?

There is a way—by watching for clues about yourself, by keeping your eyes open for the things you naturally like to do, no matter what

they are. For having talent does not mean only that a girl is able to write or play the piano or draw. There is a talent for sports and games—and if you enjoy them, if you can teach others how to play them, then you have that talent.

There is a talent for books. There is a talent in being able to plan parties and other good times for people. There is a talent in being a good cook, in keeping things neat and orderly, in studying. And whatever it is, if you like to do it and learn to do it well, it will help you in discovering yourself.

If you think you have no special likes, then the Girl Scout badges will help you. Through them, you may try yourself out in this and that and the other. And who knows but this very year, when you are at work on one of them, you will suddenly find that you enjoy doing something—and can do it well—that you never thought of trying before?

Discovering the girl inside you—yes, it is a real adventure. But there is more to it even than that. There is happiness. There is happiness in making the most of the girl who is yourself. Life is more interesting to you. And because life is more interesting to you, because you have found something to do that you enjoy, your happiness spreads to those around you and they are happier.

Look in the mirror on New Year's Day.

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HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*
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Youth

By THERESA HELBURN

You hear Youth laughing down green, budding aisles,
You glimpse her dancing limbs, her hair of gold,
The care-free, sweet defiance of her smiles,
For you are old.

But I can see her eyes gray with alarm,
Misty with longings that can find no tongue,
The hooded Future clutching at her arm,
For I am young.

Illustration by Guy Hoff, reproduced by permission of the artist and of "Good Housekeeping Magazine"

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, Editor

January, 1927

The Pink Dress

*To those who passed by on
Fifth Avenue it was only a
pink dress in a shop window,
but to Lucile it was of the
fabric that dreams are made*

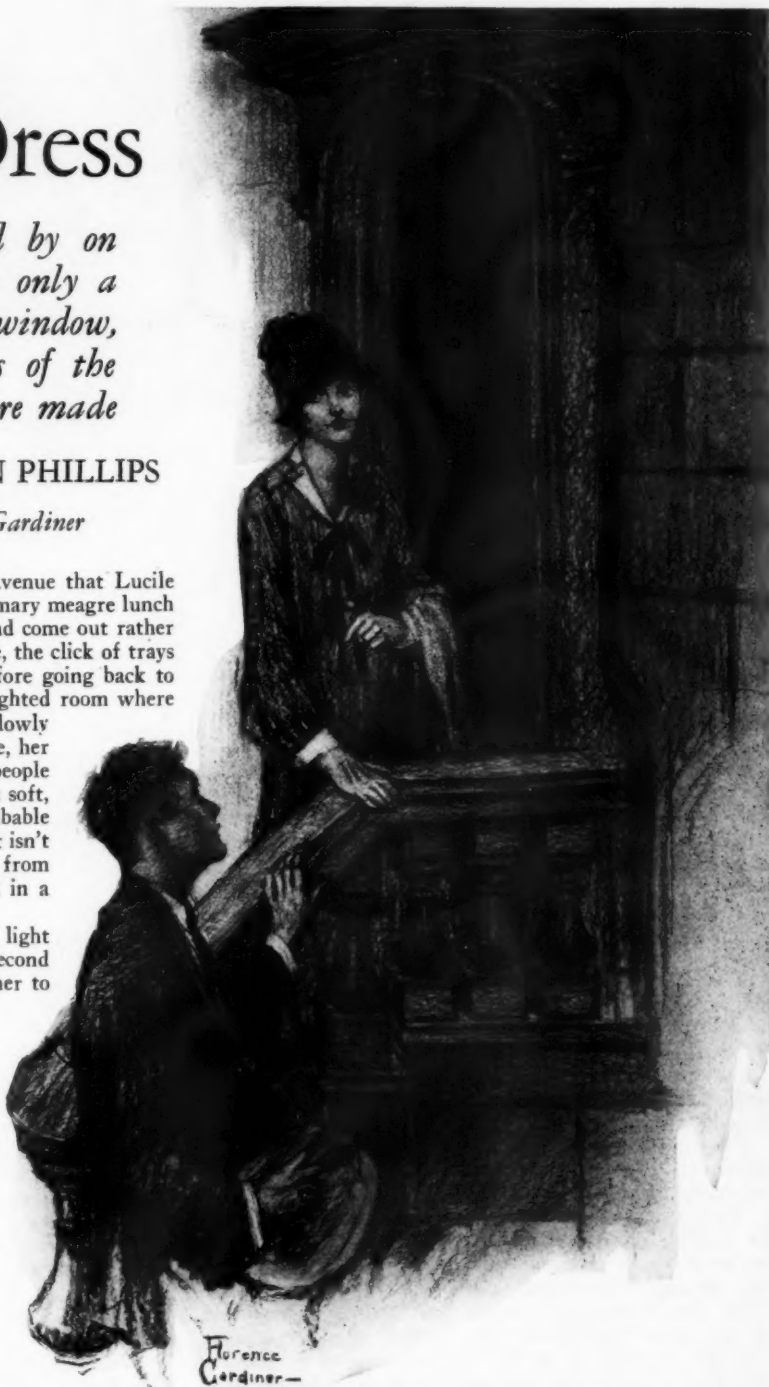
By DOROTHY SANBURN PHILLIPS

Illustrations by Florence Gardiner

IT was in a shop window on Fifth Avenue that Lucile saw the dress. She had had her customary meagre lunch at a cafeteria on a side street, and had come out rather sickened by the crowded, close atmosphere, the click of trays and the inevitable smell of food. So, before going back to the office and the big, noisy, artificially lighted room where she ran a typewriter all day, she walked slowly along Fifth Avenue in the warm sunshine, her blue eyes wandering over the passing people and the shop windows. Then she saw it: soft, filmy chiffon it was, and that indescribable shade of pink that isn't "baby" pink, that isn't coral, but that seems to have been caught from the tip of a rose petal, or a fleecy cloud in a sunset sky.

Lucile stopped and stared at it, and a light leaped into her blue eyes. For in that second she knew that it was just the dress for her to wear in June at Etta's wedding.

Etta was her best friend, and Lucile had been very pleased when she had asked her to "stand up with her," but her smile had faded and her heart had sunk when she had heard Etta's plans, and all about Etta's satin dress and veil. For Lucile did not see how she could possibly afford a dress in keeping with that wedding. It was all right for Etta, of course. She had a good job and she lived at home with her mother and her father, who also had a good job. She paid only for her lunches and her car-fares. Every other penny that she earned went on her back. But Lucile's father was dead, and her young brother, Henry, had not been out of school very long, and her mother had been quite ill



"We could go for a bus ride or to a movie or something—what do you say?" His eyes were very earnest as he asked the question

with grippe in the winter, so Lucile's pay envelope was in great demand for the necessities of life.

"It's awfully sweet of you to want me," she had said to Etta, "but I—don't see—isn't there someone else?"

"Why, Lucile!" Etta's voice had been pained, "You promised!—You can't go back on me now! Why, I wouldn't think of being married without you——"

So Lucile had given in.

"Don't you worry," her mother said, "You can pick up a remnant at a sale—thank goodness you don't need much material these days!—and I think I can put together a dress that will do."

Lucile had thanked her, smiling. She knew that her mother could make a dress that would do. Her mother made most of her clothes; simple, straight and dark they were, perfectly adequate for the office and very practical, but they had no style whatsoever. Lucile had lovely large blue eyes and pretty light brown hair and a trim young figure, so she always looked rather well. But somehow, for Etta's wedding, she did not want a dress that would do—she wanted—

And here it was before her—pink, as Etta had requested—filmy, enchanting—

Something impelled Lucile to enter that store. She knew that it was not an unusually expensive one, but she knew also that that dress had the simple air that costs, and anyway, any dress in any window on Fifth Avenue, in fact, almost any dress at all, was beyond her means at present. But she went into the shop.

"That pink dress—in the window," she murmured, selecting the least impressive saleswoman.

They brought it to her to look at. And close to, it was more beautiful than ever. Lucile stared at it fascinated.

"How—much is it?" she asked fearfully.

"Sixty dollars."

"Oh!" She looked away.

"Would you like to try it on?" came the mildly insistent, yet weary voice of the saleswoman.

"Yes," Lucile clutched at that idea, as if she were drowning. Perhaps it wouldn't fit her; perhaps it wouldn't be becoming—and she could go out of the store, temptation behind her, convinced that the dress was not for her——

But it did fit her, and it was becoming. It brought out the pink of her cheeks and the gold lights in her hair. Lucile stared at herself in the mirror of the fitting room. In all her twenty-two years she could not remember having a dress like that. She went out very little, for circumstances had tied her to her home and her mother, and she was rather quiet and reserved and did not make friends easily. And when she did go to a friend's apartment in the evening for a five hundred party, the dress she wore was never a real party dress; it was perfectly suitable for summer days in the office.

The saleswoman was telling her how becoming the dress was and how it suited her style. But Lucile hardly heard her. No one had to tell her how lovely that dress was.

"I—I'll think it over," she said.

She slipped out of it quickly and once again into her plain blue serge. The she hurried out of the store and back to the office, away from temptation and the pink dress.

"You might just as well forget it," she told herself sternly as she took off her hat and coat and went back to her typewriter, "You haven't any sixty dollars——"

Then suddenly she started and gave a little gasp. For she remembered that she had sixty dollars of her very own, and more, too—in the company's profit-sharing fund. Somehow she never thought of it as her own, for, though she could always take out what she had put in, she could not get full return on the investment until after seven years with the company, or unless she left and gave up business entirely to get married. And once out of the fund she could never go back. A couple of times during her mother's illness,

*They brought it to her to look
it was more beautiful than ever.
"How—much is it?" she asked
you like to try it on?" came the*



Lucile had thought of that money as an emergency fund, that, in desperate straits, she could call upon. But she had weathered that storm. And now——

"You're crazy," she told herself, "even to think of using that money for a dress. Why, if you leave it in, in a few years, you'll have lots more, and mother may need it sometime or Henry—and you may get married——"

"Oh, no, you won't!" came another voice inside her head, "You know you won't. You haven't a single beau. And in fifteen years, what good will it do you? No one will be asking you to be bridesmaid then——"

Her fingers slipped from the typewriter keys to her lap. Her glance wandered around the room, that room where she spent her days, cut off from daylight and sunshine—desks in orderly rows—typewriters clicking—and she saw the pink dress; it seemed to float in the air, a spot of color, of light. She knew that she wanted that dress more than she had ever wanted anything in the world! She didn't care if she never had any more clothes, she didn't care if she starved—she had to have that dress!

Later in the afternoon, she went to see Miss Barkus, the personnel worker who had charge of the profit-sharing fund.

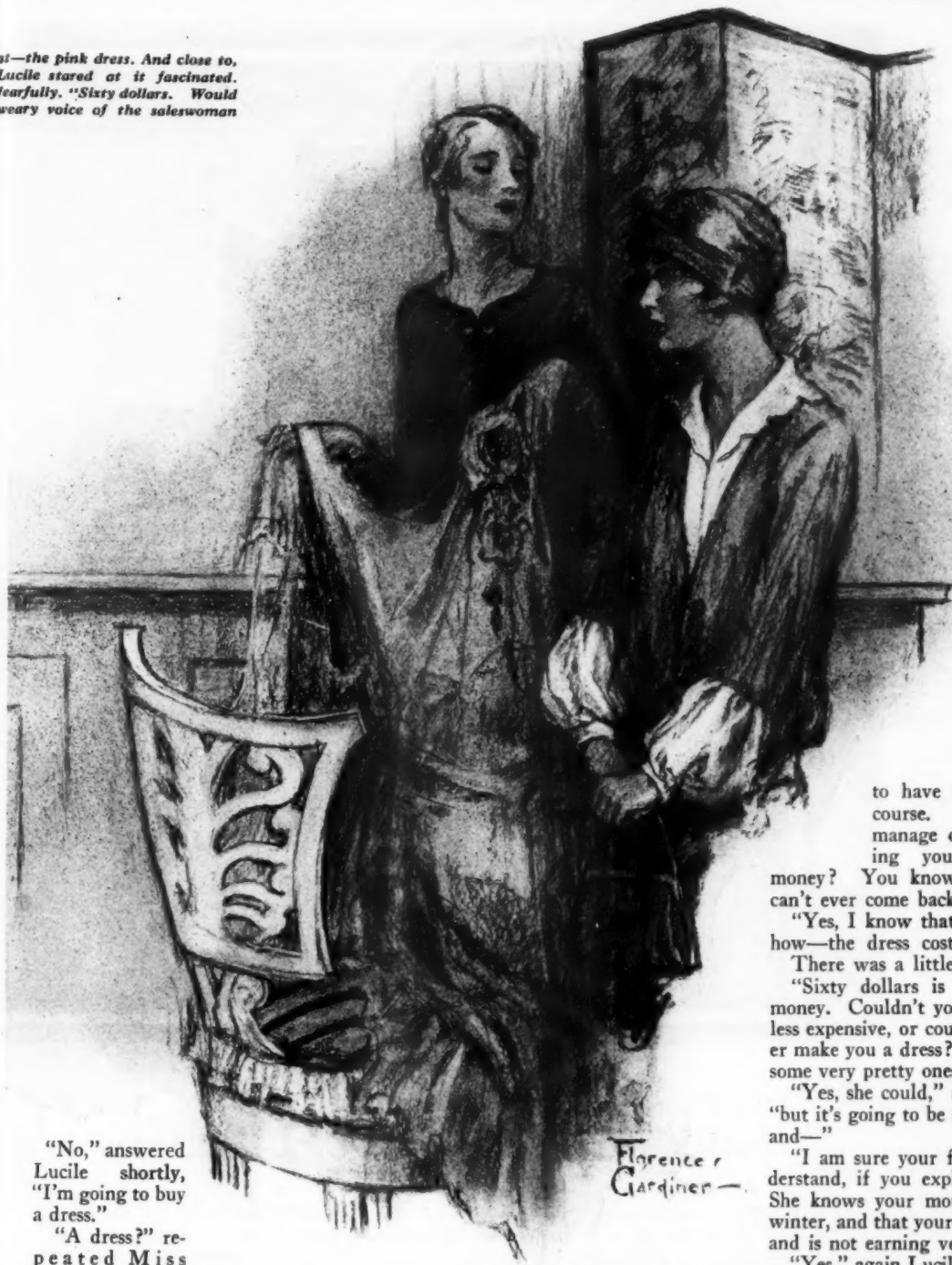
"I want to draw out my money," she said.

Miss Barkus looked up from her desk, a pleasant-faced, friendly, competent-looking young woman. "Your mother isn't sick again, is she?" she asked, immediately concerned.

"Oh, no," Lucile quickly reassured her, for Miss Barkus had been very kind and helpful during the past winter.

"Oh, then you're going to be married?" A smile lighted Miss Barkus' face, a smile of relief that this girl was at last to be taken care of.

at—the pink dress. And close to, Lucile stared at it fascinated, fearfully. "Sixty dollars. Would weary voice of the saleswoman



"No," answered Lucile shortly, "I'm going to buy a dress."

"A dress?" repeated Miss Barkus, and for a moment she looked as if she thought she had gone out of her mind. But her surprise passed quickly, and the usual pleasant, calm expression returned to her face.

"What kind of dress?" she asked. "And what is it for? Tell me all about it."

"It's for my best friend's wedding," Lucile explained slowly, deliberately. "She wants me to stand up with her. I tried to get out of it, for I didn't see how I could get a dress, but it sort of hurt her—you see, I promised her a long while ago I would—even before she was engaged—and I can't go back on her now—and I've got to have a new dress."

"Oh, yes," Miss Barkus put in earnestly, "you'll have

to have a new dress, of course. But can't you manage one without taking your profit-sharing money? You know, once out, you can't ever come back into the fund."

"Yes, I know that, but I don't see how—the dress costs sixty dollars."

There was a little silence, then:

"Sixty dollars is a good deal of money. Couldn't you find something less expensive, or couldn't your mother make you a dress? She's made you some very pretty ones."

"Yes, she could," answered Lucile, "but it's going to be a grand wedding and—"

"I am sure your friend would understand, if you explained it to her. She knows your mother was ill last winter, and that your brother is young and is not earning very much yet."

"Yes," again Lucile agreed, "I suppose she would understand, but—that dress, I saw it this noon in a window—" she paused, her glance wandering away from Miss Barkus. How could she put into words the enchantment of the dress—the magic of soft color and gossamer material? She saw it again as the saleswoman held it up, and she saw herself in it, in front of the mirror of the fitting room, saw herself at Etta's wedding, transformed, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, moving happily among the wedding guests, talking to some tall, nice-looking young man—not tongue-tied as she usually was in the presence of men, but self-possessed, smiling—

"Oh," Miss Barkus interrupted her thoughts, with relief in her voice, "you saw it just this noon? Now, why

(Continued on page 58)

Florence
Gardiner—

Illustrations
by
Marguerite
de Angeli



STEP . . . step . . . step
. . .!" *The Ghost?* They
said (in part one, of this
story which appeared in the De-
cember issue) that he walked
upon the flag-stone path at
Wymberly when misfortune was brooding over the house.

Roberta stood at the window and gazed out through the fading twilight at the unaccustomed scene. It was all new and strange and different to her Northern eyes. Never had she known a New Year's Eve like this one, there in a wonderful old South Carolina mansion, visiting her friend, Carol Barstow.

But just then Carol was bemoaning the fact that she was not able to have a large New Year's Eve party because of her father's illness. "He doesn't *seem* ill," Roberta said.

Carol's face darkened with a troubled expression. "Not ill in any bodily way," she explained. "He had a—well, a shock, a year ago today."

And this is the story Carol then confided in her friend. It had all happened at the last New Year's party. Carol had then had the idea of getting "The Luck of Wymberly" from the safe in order to make a New Year's wish upon

Concluding *The Luck of*

it. What was "The Luck of Wymberly"? A magnificent jewel, set in an ancient knee-buckle, given to an ancestor of Carol's father by Queen Elizabeth. The tradition was that if you wished upon the Luck on New Year's Eve you would have your dream come true that very year.

"The Luck of Wymberly" was carefully taken from the safe. The guests stood in a magic circle, to pass around the buckle, and the telephone rang—a call for Mr. Barstow. He did not return to the room. When Carol hunted for him, he was in his study, sitting weakly in his chair. The Luck, which he had taken from the room with him, was gone—and he could not remember where it had vanished. It was not in the safe. It was nowhere to be found. Worst of all, from that moment, Mr. Barstow had never been himself. He seemed constantly worried, anxious about something of which he would not talk. What had hap-



With a nonchalant air that belied her white and frightened face, Carol directed Caesar to put another log in the fire-place, and managed to whisper unobtrusively to Roberta, "Slip away out to the hall as soon as you can without any fuss. I want you to help me. Something awfully strange is happening"

Wymberly

Augusta Huiell Seaman's story of a ghost at New Year's

The girls listened—and heard the steps. But the guests, arriving at that moment, prevented further investigation. And Roberta thought she had never attended so strange a party

pened? The family doctor asked Carol to say nothing about the trouble, but to wait and see whether some unexpected event would not clear matters for them all. That event had not taken place.

"When that mysterious something *does* come along, he'll probably remember about the jewel." Carol stopped and said no more.

In a few moments, however, she jumped up exclaiming, "Let's go see whether Juba has supper ready. My cousins, Jim and Douglas, are coming, you know."

In the kitchen, Juba, the elderly colored cook, and Caesar, the colored man-servant, were greatly upset.

"Dey's de *step-step* on dat flag walk," declared Juba.

"Nonsense!" cried Carol, explaining to Roberta that an uncle of an ancestor of hers had been drowned in the well at the end of the flag walk and that the story had been told, ever since, of ghostly steps to and from it.

as the one which now took place—Carol, pretty and a lovely hostess; Mr. Barstow, interested in everything they said; Jim, Douglas, and the others of the small group, lively and vivacious—yet all the time, the secret brooding over the house.

When, toward the end of the evening, Carol proposed ghost stories, Mr. Barstow joined with his own—the *story of steps on the walk*, in the very midst of which, he was again summoned to the telephone by Caesar, just as he had been on the fateful night the year before. As he passed the French window, he paused, listening, then beckoned in anxiety to Carol. ". . . the same . . . exactly the same as I heard them a year ago tonight," Roberta heard him whisper to Carol in a tone of shaky incredulity.

And out of the scented darkness, came the *step . . . step . . . step . . . on the walk outside.*

(Continued on page 47)



Ups and Downs

Like a bird flying—and more—that's skiing. We want the wind in our eyes, we want our breath snapped in two; we want to feel, for once, that gravitation is gloriously overcome, we want the fine ecstasy of being altogether free; we want the thrill of movement, and the realization that our arms and legs and body are bringing that movement—and we want the bubbling laughter that comes with spills

When the ICE is Thick And the WIND Blows Cold

Come strap on your skates and swing out into a Dutch roll while the camp fire welcomes from the shore, or if you live down South, let it be roller skates you ride to the tune of "Jingle Bells"—but don't miss the skating season

WHAT month is more beautiful than December, or January, or February, when

By MARJORIE WILLIAMS

the whole world is drifted a foot deep with the "soft spitting snow"? Spring and summer and fall—they are paltry seasons compared to dazzling mid-winter. Every bush is bent double with a white weight. Every tree is richly outlined in ermine. Every road is billowed and banked so lavishly that surely what we see is an enormous gob of whipped cream, dropped just for a joke. The air crackles with the cold. Here and there, in the white woods, a jack-rabbit leaves irregular tracks in the snow. Foolish folk huddle close to a log fire or a radiator and babble about warm weather and watermelons and strange things like sun-strokes. Wise folk put on some extra underwear, a heavy coat, a cap that fits down over the ears, and thick gloves, and go looking for adventure.

And they find it. The winter world is full of adventures. Red toboggans shoot down snow-covered hillsides. Big sleds and little sleds, merrily "hitched" to an agreeable wagon or an uncomplaining Ford, go streaking along the country roads. A lone traveler on skis leaps a ditch—and is gone. The sleigh-bells tinkle through the dark. And two children pitch snow-balls in a mock battle. There! A badly aimed snowball has smashed the head of a pompous snowman, conceived and executed only that afternoon!

But ice-skating is the "queen sport" of mid-winter. All the world over—in Norway, Switzerland, Siberia, Australia and America—when the first deep snow is on the ground and the lake-water has obligingly frozen into a hard crust, boys and girls sling their skates over their athletic shoulders and jubilantly set out.

What does it matter if their fingers are stiff with zero weather? They strap on their skates. What does it matter if the icy wind whistles around their noses? They glide forward, swing into a Dutch roll, and end, triumphantly, with a figure eight.

Ice-skating isn't, like some winter sports, a fad. It always was and always will be. The equipment, of course, has been vastly improved. In the old days, the crudest kind of skate was strapped onto any variety of shoe. Today the ice-skater understands how much form and speed depend upon a sharp, well-fitting skate, and, if possible, buys the best. The modern skate is securely fastened to a special skating-shoe. It has extra straps for weak ankles and adjustable laces which run well down to the toe. The heel is less than an inch high. Often, for the sake of greater warmth and dryness, the sole of the shoe is waterproof. If this rather expensive shoe-and-skate is out of the question, there is a separate steel skate

with the so-called "heel button" and screw toe clamp which is highly satisfactory. Except in the case of racing-skates, both shoe and skate should be about the same length.

Once the skates are firmly attached, the fun begins! On a large skating-rink, there is every degree of proficiency, from the beginner who sits down on the ice every three or four strokes, to the expert who whirls this way and that in a hundred different fancy figures. But the beginner needn't look so sorrowfully at the expert. Once upon a time the expert was ignominiously falling down, and picking herself up, and falling down. But she went about learning slowly. She caught onto the trick of standing on both inner edges of her skates, and then, if the skates slipped forward, of bringing the toes quickly together, thus blocking the slide and avoiding a fall.

But falling down is only one of the dangers of ice-skating. The worst danger is, of course, the danger of breaking through thin ice and drowning. This could hardly happen on one of the artificial rinks which city people patronize. They are constructed inside a building or rigged up, outdoors, on a well-flooded tennis court, and the ice is solid. But the small rivers in Nebraska and the lakes in New

(Continued on page 40)



"Look out! I'm coming!" Someone has called "Bacon and buckwheat cakes" to this early morning skater and she's off across the gleaming frozen lake

They had been such chums—she and that great brother of hers—at games and swimming—and she could beat him, too. Then the lure of the mills took him—but she herself was akin to the fiery metal

By

EDMUND M.
LITTELL

Illustrations by
L. F. Wilford



The circle of the great ladle glowed like a yellow jewel. Bill was busy with his shovel, his arms working like a machine. What a man he was, even if he had forgotten his old chum!

A BLAST of dazzling light swept across the littered floor that lay, as wide as a street, between Jo Dale and the open hearth furnace. After the midnight darkness through which she had come, its brilliance, like that of a huge spotlight, almost blinded her. She narrowed her eyes in an attempt to out-stare the incandescence behind the raised door, felt a puff of its heat that swept across to her, and had to turn away from the glare that defeated her vision.

Steel! She loved it! That huge brick caldron as big as a tennis court—one of ten that fronted on the elevated floor like a row of houses—contained more than a hundred tons of liquid fire. The inferno that boiled behind those doors was more like a work of nature than a process controlled by the tiny men who labored before it. Why could she not have been a man, to charge up to the door swinging shovels as the crew were doing now, tossing in stuff to make the steel cook right? Her father—and his father before him—was a steel man; her brother, who stood so indifferently beside her now, was another. And she had to resort to a man's clothes and a surreptitious visit in the darkness of night to get anywhere near it!

Once before she had been through the mill. Her father had arranged it. He had been far too busy as superintendent of the bar mills to take her himself. And she had been nursed along through its dirt and danger as though she were a lady! She didn't want to be a lady, she wanted to be a steel man. At least she wanted to see steel made without being watched every minute—and the disguise she now wore and the midnight visit on which she had now embarked had been the result of this wish of hers.

Father Dale, when she had announced the plan, had laughed and said, "Sure, why not?" Proudly, and with no little sympathy for the steel that was in her blood. Mother Dale sighed her consent as patient mothers do. Even mother

called her "Jo" now, though she had been the last one to surrender the "Josephine" with which her daughter had been christened—a surrender to the unquenchable boy that was in her. And Bill, whose dark head towered a foot above hers—Bill had pooh-poohed the idea. He was nineteen, she only seventeen; he was a second helper on the open hearth, a broad-shouldered, stalwart man. She was—a girl! He had laughed, dismissed the idea as folly—until Father Dale had quietly suggested that he might do it just once.

"I've been on the charging floor all day," said Bill then. "But—well, you'll never dry up till I do!" It was as though he had said: "All right, infant, I'll give you a piece of candy!"

Anyhow, here she was, after donning a suit of clothes borrowed from a neighbor—"for a masquerade," she had said—and walking through the night to the charging floor of the open hearth. And Bill, her brother—she looked up at him as he stood there in bored impatience and wondered why he didn't like her as he used to, now that she was showing that she had steel in her blood, too. She and Bill, what chums they had been—until he went into the mill and became a steel man!

"Want to look?" he asked in an indulgent tone such as one would use to a small child, and held out a pair of glasses with lenses of deepest blue. She did. She wanted Bill to say, instead, "Hop over and take a peep, Jo," as though he really wished her to share in his life.

Removing the cap from her shingled black head, she put on the glasses, settling the rubber band that bound the bows firmly across the back of her head. Then she restored the cap and walked boldly across the floor, having to peep around the lenses in order to see her way between the piles of steel-making materials that littered it.

But, after that remark from Bill, what fun was there in looking through blue glasses at a lake of steel that bubbled



like thick soup? Those flames that floated lazily across the furnace like gorgeous strips of chiffon—they might be beautiful if they were not blurred by the tears that rose to her eyes. The heat that puffed out and made her skin feel like parchment, what difference did it make? Bill was gone. He was—a brother! Just one of those indifferent boys who went about his own affairs as though she were a—piece of furniture! A stool that got in the way once in a while and had to be shoved aside!

Until a year ago it had been so different. She and Bill had done everything together. Bill was a little older, always a little stronger, but they had been chums, not brother and sister. He had treated her as though she were the boy she wanted to be. "Jo," he had called her, not "Sis" in a tolerant voice. That was because he was a steel man now, she was—what?

Nothing like that day, four years ago, when they had gone swimming together. They had gone to the lake without telling Father and Mother Dale about it. Not in defiance of orders, for Father Dale trusted his children, but they had thought it best not to tell him until they had learned to swim. "Let's go swimming, Jo," Bill had said. And "Let's!" had been her quick reply. It had been great fun. She had learned to float the first day. Well, she had been able to take her feet off the bottom for a minute, anyway. What if she did sink slowly until she was clear under water? And Bill had started in to swim the minute he got wet all over.

"You swim like I float, Bill," Jo had teased. "Just like a rock!" and Bill had tossed back his black hair defiantly and laughed with her.

"Bet I swim before you do, anyway," he retorted. Just like that. Boys together.

They went out every day for a week. They played jokes on one another. He ducked her, held her under water until

she thought her lungs would burst, but she knew that he would lift her up before they did and so she just stayed there. Then, when he wasn't looking, she would dive and grab him by the feet and upset him. Such floundering about as they had! Then, at the end of the week, Bill dared her.

"Dare you to swim out to the raft with me!"

Neither one of them had ventured to try it before. The raft was beyond their depth and it meant that they would simply have to swim, no fooling by putting your toes on the ground. But they started out.

What a long distance it was! Standing on the shore, it looked as though you could jump across to the raft, but down there in the water—it was miles! Her hands grew heavy, her arms felt like sticks of wood, her feet insisted upon sinking no matter how much she kicked. But she laughed and splashed and kept going. That was the first time Bill beat her. He plowed ahead and got to the raft and turned around to laugh at her. She saw him there, a blur ahead of her, but that was all. She was so tired that she didn't want to look; she just wanted to go to sleep. The water was so soft and warm. The next thing she knew, Bill had his arm around her and was holding her up. How they ever

got to the raft she never could remember. They came ashore in a boat, with Bill looking down at her, his face white and laughing!

"I beat you, Jo," he said, and his voice shook. "And I'll beat you again tomorrow!"

"B-bet you won't!" she had said.

She had been mighty glad just then that her face had been submerged in water, for he couldn't know that some of those drops were tears. Tears of gratitude for such a brother. They didn't dry on her face, either, as they were doing now in front of this lake of molten steel. She threw her forearm up before her face and peeped over it, blinking the moisture out of her eyes. This was no way for a would-be steel man to act! There, that was better. She could see the shovel-loads of stuff flying in through the door, watch them splash through the slag floating on the surface of the lake, which closed in again and began to bubble slowly.

Well, she had beaten him the next day. For, of course, they went back! And Bill had never spoken of his saving her from that time on. A brother would have bragged about it. Bill never did. She owed her life to Bill—of that she was sure. And lately he had begun to act as though he didn't especially care to have her around! He was a steel man, she was a—sister!

At first, when he had gone to work in the mill, they had been the same old buddies. But the work was hard—she knew that—and he always came home tired out, so they hadn't played around very much. He would stretch out his powerful body and relax, just sit around home and go to bed early. Then one night she had answered the telephone, called Bill to talk to a man who asked for him, and heard him accept an invitation to go to a movie.

"Goody!" she cried when he came back into the room. "I've been wanting to see that show!"

He had looked at her in surprise for a moment, then:

"This is a man party," he had said in a superior way. "You'd better stay home."

Once more tears burned in her eyes—and dried again in the heat from the furnace. She pulled herself together, turned away from the lake and walked listlessly back to where Bill was waiting for her. He wasn't even watching her! He was talking to one of the men from the next furnace. Talking about a "sticker" that had just been tapped. She lingered in the shadow of a roof column and waited for him. She knew the language of steel, of course. She had heard little else in the home where steel men lived. She knew that a sticker was a heat that hadn't "worked" as rapidly as usual, had taken longer to reach the proper condition for tapping. But she had lost interest now. What was the use? Bill would never have other than a tolerant feeling for her any more.

"Hello! Bring a man along with you?" It was a remark from the man to whom Bill was talking, who had just seen Jo.

"No," said Bill. "Just one of the neighbor's boys that wanted to look around." He turned indifferently toward Jo. "Guess we'd better move along," he said. "Got a long way to go yet. So long, Bob."

They started to walk toward the other end of the building, down an obstructed pathway near the outer edge of the floor. There were many questions Jo wanted to ask about the great charging machine which straddled the floor and picked up boxes filled with scrap iron with a long bar that made it look like an elephant using its trunk. She wanted to discuss those piles of stuff that lay on the floor, ask which was dolomite and which was spar, but—what was the use?

"They're tapping Number 2 furnace in a few minutes," offered Bill over his shoulder. "Maybe you'd like to see that."

Number 2 furnace was exactly like all the rest. There was no sign of activity about it at all. Nothing but the glint of light through the peep-hole eyes in its three doors.

"Stick around a minute," said Bill. "Wally Bart's running this furnace. He's working nights now."

Jo lingered in the shadows, looking down the wide floor lined with furnaces. It was so long that its far end was lost in the night. She knew that Wally was Bill's friend, the one who had taken him to the movies that night. They were together a great deal now—and Jo stayed at home.

When Bill came back he had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. "Wally's second helper's gone home. Sick," he said. "He wants me to help tap the heat. I'll put you where you won't be in the way. Come along with me."

In the way! Oh well, she'd finish the trip tonight and then forget that Bill was ever her chum. She followed him across the floor and waited while he stopped to pick up a long bar which he laid across the floor, its end pointing toward the center door of the furnace.

"We start the tap hole from this side," he tossed over

his shoulder. "Stick this bar through the furnace and ram out the other side. You'll see it from there."

They walked through a narrow passage between Number 1 and Number 2 furnaces—it was uncomfortably warm—and came out on a platform like a second-story porch. A flight of steel stairs—everything was of steel in this great building—led down to the casting floor. It was twice as wide as the charging floor and extended the entire length of the building, with a flight of stairs for each furnace. She had seen this before, but from the narrow shelf that clung to the opposite wall. This time she would be as close as she had wanted to be—as if she cared any more now!

"Don't budge from here," said Bill, and left her.

The platform on which she stood sloped down toward the tapping spout that stuck out from the center of the furnace. It was a long trough lined with brick and smeared with fire clay, and sloped downward. There was no platform beneath it, so that if one wanted to go to the other side it would be necessary to go around the furnace. There was a pile of sacks, paper ones that looked like flour sacks, on the side of the spout nearest her, a heap of rocks—she decided they must be the pure manganese that they added in the ladle—and a shovel. The sacks, she knew, contained coal dust, used in bringing up the carbon in the steel as it was tapped.

A great ladle, like an enormous bucket, was swinging ponderously toward the furnace. Its handles were attached to a massive traveling crane that spanned the wide floor like a bridge. When it was set in place in the circular pit beneath the tapping spout, it looked as large as a room, a circular room walled with brick and fire clay. It had to be large, for it must hold a hundred tons of molten steel.

There was a shout from somewhere, followed by a short silence, then Bill appeared with a steel bar as long as his arm. He hurried down the platform to the tapping spout, leaned over its edge and prodded, far up against the furnace, first slowly, then more rapidly, with chopping blows. A glimmer of light appeared as the clay that stopped the hole was broken away. Then, with a final jab, Bill jumped back.

A trickle, then a river of steel came down the spout, throwing up light until the high roof of the building was aglow. Siss, poof! and the torrent leaped down, a Niagara of fire, to splash into the waiting ladle. Billows of smoke, sparks scintillating like the Fourth of July sparklers waved by children. The circle of the great ladle glowed like a yellow jewel. Far across the floor, like midgets on that shelf, men stood watching. They were careful not to stand directly opposite, for sometimes the spout became a gun, shooting steel clear across the floor. They were the casting crew, waiting for the ladle to be swung across to them, when they would empty it bit by bit into the waiting row of ingot molds that stood, like six-foot tapered dominoes, on low flat-cars beneath them.

Bill had dropped his prodding bar. Now he was busy with his shovel. He scooped and tossed manganese squarely into that plunging stream. His great shoulders worked like a machine, his arms swung gracefully. He wore

his blue glasses, of course. So did Jo, the better to watch the river of steel. What a man Bill was! Even if he had forgotten his old chum!

Now he flung aside his shovel, turned to the pile of sacks. One at a time he picked them up, swung them above his head and flung them into that rapidly filling caldron. They splashed into the rising pool exactly where the stream



Constance
Lindsay
Skinner

*was a girl
of the North*

She knows the adventure and the mystery of the North country because her own childhood was spent there. She grew up near the places where Roselle faced the dangers and treachery of the frontier to solve the riddle of her parentage.

You won't want to miss a word of this thrilling new serial that begins in February—

Roselle of the North

struck, disappearing with a puff of smoke and flame.

Suddenly there was an unexpected sound. P-f-o-o-f! a blubbery sort of an explosion. A shower of scintillating sparks rose into the air, seemed to float a moment, then came down. They fell upon Bill's shoulders and the surrounding platform like rain! It was a puff, one of those things that happen in spite of all the precautions men can take. The brick-and-clay lining of the ladle had not been sufficiently dried out; the hot steel made steam, and it exploded.

Instantly Bill's shirt showed smoldering rings. He stopped and patted them, and Jo could see his pain-contorted face. He was being burned, and Jo turned sick with fear for him. Why didn't he retreat? No, he stood fast, went back to his job of heaving sacks of coal dust. Such was the call of steel! It did not occur to Jo that there might be another puff—undoubtedly would. Or, if she did think of it, she dismissed any desire to get to a place of safety. Instead, she looked about for water. There was a large bucket, filled with a soupy clay mixture. The men had left it there after smearing the tapping spout. She picked it up. Mighty heavy! She slipped and slithered down the grit-covered slope and swung it back. Full and square the yellowish water struck Bill, covering him from head to foot—and those flesh-eating cinders were extinguished.

Bill did not even stop to look around. He was too busy. There were so many bags to be tossed in and mighty little time in which to do it. Steam began to rise from his soaked clothes. It was terrifically hot there and Jo retreated to her former station, her skin crawling in sympathetic agony. Those blisters must be hurting him frightfully.

The job was done! Bill turned his back to the stream that had now begun to flow more slowly. A little dizzily, she thought, he shoved his blue glasses up on his forehead, fumbled with the back of his hand at the sweat that poured down his face. P-f-o-o-f!

Another puff! Another shower of sparks, this time mostly slag that had begun to rise over the ladle brim like yeasty dough and splash down into the pit. Another shower for



"Want to look?" he asked in the indulgent tone one would use to a small child. And after that what fun was there in looking at the lake of steel that bubbled like thick soup?

Bill, who made a convulsive step forward, slipped, and sprawled on the sloping floor! That great, strong brother! She started to his side—and there was a third puff!

Turn back? Not anyone with steel in her blood! Not when Bill was hurt! She fell the rest of the short distance, sprawling across the prostrate form of Bill. He'd had enough fire! He must be protected. There was no more water, only a sister!

She felt the impact of those drops of slag on her back, but she had on a coat. She wriggled about on top of Bill, smothering with her lighter body the smoldering sparks on his clothes. Then one of those cinders ate through to her back—and she felt herself hoisted into the air.

Help had arrived, in the form of Wally and the third helper. The whole thing had been a matter of seconds, but to her it seemed years. The third helper carried two buckets. One he sloshed over her, the other over Bill. Then they scrambled up the platform, through the aisles between the furnaces to the water tank. Bill had snatched Jo from the hands of Wally and

was carrying her. He sat her on the edge of the tank and splashed some more water on her, then jumped in himself.

Bill climbed out and put a wet arm around her. She was glad there was water on her face again! It covered up the tears—tears of pain this time, and of happiness.

"Some kid!" It was Wally talking—and he had not recognized her. "Game! Make a good steel man some day."

Bill's arm tightened about her, he lifted her to her feet. As they started toward home, he beckoned to Wally and in a low voice told him proudly, "This is my sister!"

"Well, of all the steel-fightin' fools I ever saw!" gasped Wally, his eyes as big as a peep-hole in a furnace door. "Ain't that tough? I thought I'd get me a new helper, an'—"

"Nothin' doing," said Bill with a throaty chuckle. "She's got steel in her blood, but she'll never work here. Makes a mighty good pal, though."

Bill's arm still clung to her shoulders. The fact that it was pressing on a painful blister didn't make a bit of difference, for he was accepting her proudly as a chum again.



Marion Gilmore

A Girl Who

*Marion Gilmore wanted to be
and so she became a dietitian*

As she told the story

Illustrations

*Do you like to cook, too? Do you
adore banishing mother from the
kitchen so that you may spend
long hours of savory deliciousness
there. Perhaps you, too,
may become a dietitian
like Marion Gilmore*



WHAT a background! A ton of ripe olives, pies in profusion, piles and piles and piles of chicken, a carload of little fat Brussels sprouts, raspberry sherbet in vats, and cake, cake, cake! But Marion Gilmore was unbewildered. This huge aluminum kitchen was her natural habitat. For she is executive dietitian at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, one of the Statler chain of hotels, and the largest single hotel in the world.

But she wasn't always executive dietitian. Once she was a little girl in Swanton, Vermont, who loved to smell food and eat food and prepare food. Others, however, were less enthusiastic—the cook, for instance. Somehow Mary objected to having a six-year-old “under her feet” in the kitchen, dabbling in the bread dough and being just the least bit impudent.

“Shoo!” said Mary.

“Apologize,” said Charles Gilmore, the usually indulgent father. Marion said nothing at all.

She said nothing because she was conspiring a conspiracy. How could she “get on the good side” of Mary and thereby win the privilege of stirring up bread and cake and pies? By flattering her, of course. By saying that Mary's biscuits were simply galutious. But how could she say that? How could she express her pleasure in biscuits. By kissing them, of course!

Accordingly, Marion rushed into the kitchen, intercepted Mary just as she drew a pan of red-hot biscuits from the oven, stood on her tip-toes, and kissed them! The next day there was a blister on her mouth. But there was something else in her heart—forgiveness from Mary—and the promise that soon, very soon, she could play with pie-crust in the pantry.

Miss Gilmore didn't laugh as she told me this story. Per-

haps the memory of her delightful childhood was upon her. . . . There was the time she called on the wife of a Methodist preacher who lived next door and sniffed the air like a young colt. “I'll bet that sage dressing doesn't taste as good as it smells,” said she, significantly, to Mrs. Tupper. There was the time she first watched Grandmother Gilmore pickling peaches and preserving quinces. . . . There was the time Grandmother Sprague taught her, patiently, to make pie-crust. . . . There was the Sunday she slid down the near-by gulley—a spanking offense—not once but many times, as the only appropriate climax to rice pudding at a friend's house. There was the time she asserted her small ego by calmly sitting down, in the midst of a May Pole Dance, to lace up the ribbons of her ballet slippers. . . . There were the innumerable times she tried to run away to Troy—Troy, New York. . . .

“And all through your childhood you were interested in food?” I asked Miss Gilmore.

“Always! I even kept a scrap-book for special recipes. I had, as a mere child, a great ambition to serve a meal beautifully.”

Very like many girls who adore to fuss around the kitchen although they may cook only a watery fudge which declines to harden. Not so Marion Gilmore. Her first culinary achievement was pop-overs which popped! So light they were, so golden-brown, so just right, that presently the little girl was parading around the neighborhood demonstrating pop-overs!

Miss Gilmore must have read the surprise on my face.

“It isn't so amazing,” said she, in her matter-of-fact manner. “Remember that I come from New England where women are, first and last, housekeepers. My mother was most particular about the house. Everything had to be

Loved to Cook

a singer, but she loved to cook, too,
for the largest hotel in the world

to VIRGINIA MOORE

by Harriet Moncure

thus and so—immaculate. We were brought up that way."

I looked at the shining pans. She was her mother's daughter. . . .

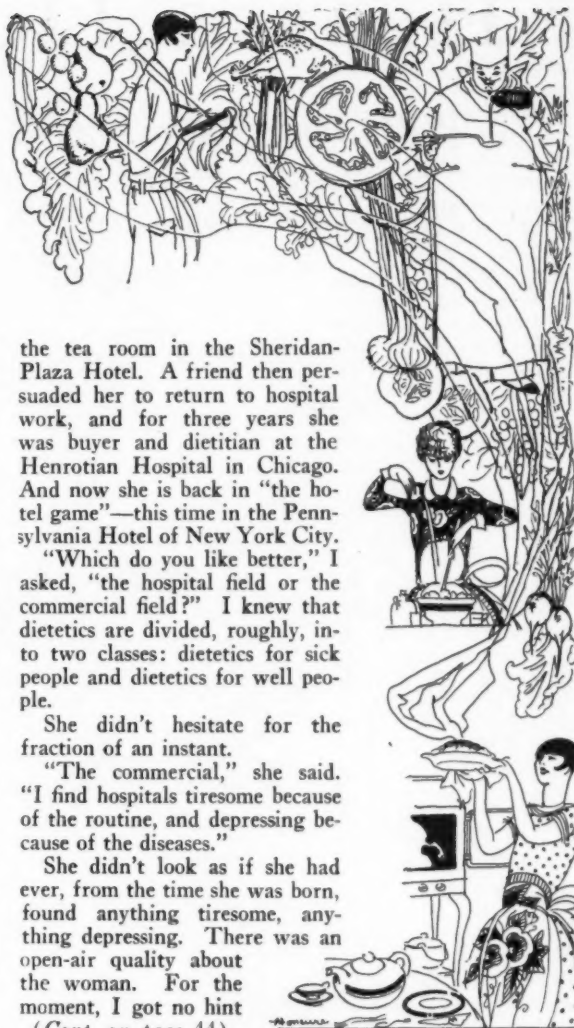
"So," said I, "even then you wanted to grow up and be a dietitian?"

A dream came and went in her eyes. She was unaware of her office, unaware of me.

"No," she said slowly, "I wanted to be a singer. I remember listening to Nellie, my little chum, play *The Doll's Dream*, and wishing passionately that I could play it. I asked my father to buy me a piano. And he did. Whereupon I learned proudly to pound away on *Chopsticks* and *Oh, Where, Oh, Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?* Later I developed a voice. 'Ah,' said I, 'now I'll be a great singer.' When I graduated from High School, I studied music at the New England Conservatory and later under Madame Munger. And then—and then—my father had financial reverses, and—well, you know the rest."

Yes, I knew the rest. But, strangely, I couldn't bring myself to be sorry. The world had lost a singer and gained a dietitian. Was that a matter for sorrow?

From music to domestic science was a considerable wrench. Marion Gilmore went to Simmons College for some special subjects. Then she completed the home economics course at Miss Farmer's School of Cookery in Boston. Thoroughly trained now in her profession, she became director of domestic science at the Malden High School. One position led to another. She was dietitian in St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago. She was manager of the Swift Industrial Cafeteria in Omaha. She managed



the tea room in the Sheridan-Plaza Hotel. A friend then persuaded her to return to hospital work, and for three years she was buyer and dietitian at the Henrotian Hospital in Chicago. And now she is back in "the hotel game"—this time in the Pennsylvania Hotel of New York City.

"Which do you like better," I asked, "the hospital field or the commercial field?" I knew that dietetics are divided, roughly, into two classes: dietetics for sick people and dietetics for well people.

She didn't hesitate for the fraction of an instant.

"The commercial," she said. "I find hospitals tiresome because of the routine, and depressing because of the diseases."

She didn't look as if she had ever, from the time she was born, found anything tiresome, anything depressing. There was an open-air quality about the woman. For the moment, I got no hint

(Cont. on page 44)



How would you like to make soup for a kettle like this—or supervise the silver room at the right. They are in Marion Gilmore's domain at the Hotel Pennsylvania

Heart's Desire

*Will Aunt Marcia's jewels bring it?
"Yes," says Aileen confidently, but
Harriet is afraid—they are unhappy
things, she thinks*

By JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by Charles Andrew Bryson

*For what has happened
so far in this story see
page 54*



Harriet, hunched in a miserable little heap, watched the door of the house, expecting Bertine to come through it like some dread Nemesis!

C. A. Bryson

CHAPTER VIII

A Journey and Some Confidences

IF only Miss Pepper were at home!

Alone in her room that night, Harriet yearned for her. She had tried to make Aileen understand, but Aileen, laughing, had once more lightly brushed aside every scruple.

Harriet felt that she could have faced everything but that laughter of Aileen's—that laughter which was forever setting her down as a funny little country girl, so young and inexperienced. And once more, despite her firm resolves, she had capitulated to Aileen.

If only Miss Pepper were at home! Harriet knew that she could tell Miss Pepper about her problems and that Miss Pepper would understand. *She* wouldn't laugh.

But Miss Pepper was not at home. Nor did she appear with Aunt Marcia for two days. Aunt Marcia then pleaded fatigue and remained in her room, but Miss Pepper appeared at dinner smiling, fresh, daintily dressed.

"I have a surprise," she announced. Then added hastily, "Of course the surprise is your Aunt Marcia's but I am to have the fun of telling you."

Three interested faces turned to her.

"We are going to Wiltshire for a month."

"Wiltshire!" Aileen exclaimed. And in her tone there was scorn rather than delight. Miss Pepper did not notice it.

"Your Aunt Marcia was seized with a strong desire to

visit her old home." (Harriet could not imagine Aunt Marcia "seized" with any desire!) "We drove there on Wednesday. The village is exactly as she remembered it. And the house—her old home—is exactly the same. It was closed. We prowled around it to our heart's content. Then your Aunt Marcia made some inquiries at the post office. Of course, no one recognized her. It seems that two dear old spinsters live in the house now. But this summer they are making a pilgrimage through the Cathedral towns in England—the nice gossip postmaster told us how for years they had been making and selling hooked rugs to get together the money. And when your Aunt Marcia asked him if he thought she could lease the house for a month he offered to cable to them for her. It seems they had left innumerable addresses with him for just such a possibility.

"We put up for the night at a hotel in a nearby town and the next day the answer came back. We—I mean your Aunt Marcia—could have the house, provided she would feed a yellow Persian cat if it came back from Sarah Morton's. Fancy the dears spending the price of a rug to make certain of the cat's welcome! Your Aunt Marcia is delighted. She has taken the house in my name—for she does not want the villagers to know she is there. Not for awhile, anyway. We go day after tomorrow."

"Is there a garden?" asked Harriet.

Miss Pepper replied that there was—an old-fashioned garden with a grape arbor and a little sunken lily pond. It had been there in Aunt Marcia's girlhood.



"Oh, I shall love seeing it! My father must have played there," Harriet cried, all animation.

"And an old room filled with books," Miss Pepper told Cynthia. "I think when the Misses Tabitha and Sabrina Deering were not making rugs they were reading, for the shelves are groaning with books—awaiting you, my dear."

"I think it will be stupid there," cried Aileen, petulantly.

For the next two days the silent house resounded with the activities of packing. Saunders and Bettine expertly superintended the process, their faces set in disapproving lines.

"Bettine says Aunt Marcia's lost her senses," Aileen confided to Harriet. Harriet did not think Bettine could have said it just like that, but she could not dispute it in the face of Aileen's growing intimacy with the serving woman.

Aileen felt that they were being cheated. In her letter of invitation, Aunt Marcia had promised three months in New York. She'd rather go home than to that moth-eaten old place in Connecticut! Mattie Taylor had told her how dead it was. Aileen thought that Aunt Marcia was up to some "trick."

As she passed the half-open door of Aunt Marcia's sanctum Harriet heard Miss Pepper's voice raised a little impatiently. "You agreed to this—you must see it through!" She was not eavesdropping; the words came to her. She ran down the hall so that she would not hear more. If only the mystery could be cleared up once and for all!

Yet going away was a genuine relief to Harriet, and she found herself looking forward eagerly to living once more where the real outdoors was close at hand. The trunks, bags and boxes were dispatched ahead on a hired truck under Saunders' care. In her new mood, Harriet giggled as she watched Saunders start off atop the high seat. Plainly he, too, thought Aunt Marcia mad! The girls and Miss Pepper were to go down in a taxi. Bettine and Aunt Marcia would follow next day with Jones.

During the journey, Harriet sat next to Miss Pepper, leaning a little forward, impatient at the miles of city streets through which they had to ride before they got into the country. But when at last they were passing through green fields, she settled back with a little sigh of contentment and slipped her hand through Miss Pepper's arm. "It's sweet here," she said softly.

They reached Wiltshire in the late afternoon. It was a gracious old New England village, set in gently rolling meadows, crowned by

ancient elms, bathed in the mellow mist of sunny years.

"It's asleep," Harriet whispered.

"It's old and it's tired," said Cynthia out of a wrapt ecstasy.

"It's dead," said Aileen shortly.

Miss Pepper laughed. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes under her little French hat were very bright. She looked as young as Harriet. There was a new quality in her laughter. She kept turning her head from side to side as though she would not miss a thing. She scanned the faces of the few people they met as though she wanted to recognize in them old friends.

"She's thinking of Aunt Marcia living here as a girl," thought Harriet. "Probably Aunt Marcia has told her all about it. She must love Aunt Marcia a great deal." Then suddenly Harriet recalled that her father had lived, too, in this quiet village. She began to scan the sleepy old homesteads with eager, curious eyes.

They went through the village to its farther outskirts and drew up before a rambling old house set far back from the road and almost hidden from view by great lilac and syringa bushes. The syringas were in blossom. The clapboards of the house badly needed paint and the supports of the small porch at the door were rotting, but to Harriet it was father's home and to Miss Pepper it was Aunt Marcia's. Cynthia saw only the great waxy blossoms of syringa. And Aileen saw nothing in which to delight—nothing at all.

Saunders met them, his face still reflecting strong disap-

proval. He reported to Miss Pepper that the baggage was unpacked according to her directions. From the kitchen came the tempting smell of dinner cooking.

Harriet ran from room to room like a bewildered, happy child. There were ever so many rooms, small ones—you had to go up and down steps to enter them—and how quaint they all were, with their low ceilings, square windows, carpets, stuffy little rocking chairs and embroidered stools and tables, cluttered with the possessions of the Misses Deering. A faint musty odor mingled with the fragrance of the syringas and the savor of frying chicken.

"It's like a forgotten house!" Harriet told Miss Pepper. "It seems reproachful. Probably it didn't think Aunt Tabitha and—what was the other one's name?—ought to go away and leave it. Or, maybe it still remembers Aunt Marcia and father, when he was a little boy. Maybe it's Aunt Marcia the house is reproaching! She forgot it, you know."

"She did forget it but she remembers it now—tenderly," Miss Pepper answered quickly.

"Maybe Aunt Marcia will be different down here," Harriet reflected. "Maybe I can love her—here."

"Haven't you learned to love your Aunt Marcia yet?"

Harriet fancied a tone of hurt in Miss Pepper's voice. She flushed deeply.



"I put on my dress and the necklace—emeralds and diamonds. They looked lovely."

They were alone in the little room Miss Pepper said had been Aunt Marcia's, but which she was to occupy during their stay while Aunt Marcia would use the bigger spare room across the hall. Harriet was glad they were alone. She felt like her old self when she was alone with Miss Pepper.

"I've tried to love Aunt Marcia, honestly, for she's so good to us, but it's hard—" she faltered. Then, in a wave of embarrassment, she threw her arms around Miss Pepper's neck and hugged her. "I wish you were Aunt Marcia! I love you!"

Miss Pepper held her close for a moment, then gently pushed her away. Fearfully Harriet looked at her, expecting to find her displeased. But Miss Pepper was laughing.

"I should scold you for such impertinence, but I am too happy to know you love me! Some day you may find that you love your Aunt Marcia. She wants you to love her. She feels a little closer to you, Harriet, than to the others, because you are Dan's girl—Dan, the little boy she remembers—"

"But she forgot *him* for a long, long time!" Harriet countered.

"Yes—she did. But you must not hold that against her. I am sure she regrets all those years she lost, the ties she might have had. And perhaps she hopes to make up to herself through you. Let us go down now and find Cynthia and Aileen." Miss Pepper abruptly turned to the door.

They found Cynthia examining the books. Her face was aglow with delight. "I am going to have such a good time!" she cried.

"I hope we all will be happy here," Miss Pepper said. "Tonight I have told Saunders to serve our dinner in the garden."

Harriet clapped her hands. "Why, that's most like home! We often eat out on the patio. And we take our supper up into Bear Canyon and sleep all night under the stars. Can we sleep out in the garden some night, Miss Pepper? Will you do it, Cynthia?"

Cynthia said at once that she would, and flushed with pleasure that Harriet wanted her.

They ate dinner in the grape arbor. Not even Saunders' set face as he served them, or Aileen's sulky mouth could dampen the high spirits of the moment. Miss Pepper and Harriet laughed a great deal. Cynthia did, too, and Harriet, thinking how pleasant it was to hear Cynthia laugh, said and did everything she could to provoke her to mirth. At the end of the meal a great yellow cat stalked majestically into their circle and looked sadly and inquiringly at them.

"By the letter of our lease you must be fed!" cried Miss Pepper. "Saunders, bring a plate for her Royal Highness."

They lingered in the garden through the twilight. Harriet wished the nice time would last for hours and hours. Secretly she wondered if they could have another evening like it—after Aunt Marcia came. Certainly they couldn't have Miss Pepper to themselves as they had her now.

However, the next day Bettine and Jones arrived without Aunt Marcia. Bettine explained that important affairs detained Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish in town. Bettine was tired and sunburned from the long ride and she said it crossly.

"It'll be like a grand, long picnic now!" thought Harriet. Perhaps Miss Pepper was thinking that, too. She did not seem particularly disturbed at Aunt Marcia's having to stay in the city. Even secretaries must sometimes feel bored with their duties.

The days went ahead like a prolonged
(Continued on page 52)



"I certainly did start in with those questions. I gaspingly waited for him to finish one reply, then hurled another at him"

"Well, I Might as Well Admit I never was shy but . . ."

IT always seems to me that people who write about how a girl may be charming in this situation or that, are apt to forget one thing. And that is, girls are not all alike. I have read any number of articles about the shy girl and how she can help herself get over it. But what about the girl who isn't shy. Things are not always rosy for her, either. I know because I am that kind. I never have been shy and never will be, I guess. Yet I have my problems, too.

So, because your editor has said you would be interested in just what happened to me, I am going to tell you about my own experience. I can remember how thrilled I always was when boys first began asking me to go to a basketball game with them—or a football game—any kind of game or party! I would promptly talk it over with my best friend at school, rush home to tell my mother and then—

Up in my room, I would immediately begin to plan the conversation which would take place going to the game, between halves and coming home. For I adored talking. (Still do, truly!) It was great fun to me to plan conversations, with myself as the star. (You see, I am being quite honest with you). And it was greatest fun of all for

How do other girls work things out for themselves? Real girls will tell here, anonymously, of the problems they are meeting and how they are solving them—or trying to

Illustration by Frank Spradling

of high school and in college now, so I really have had quite a little experience). As soon as we were off, I would start right in with what I had planned to say and go straight ahead with it, willy-nilly!

Now, it happened that one of the boys seemed more important to me than any of the others, one winter. He invited me to go to one game with him. He invited me to go to another. Then he invited me no more. I said nothing about the matter to my family. But one morning at breakfast, my brother said in that frank way brothers have, "I know why Tad doesn't ask you to any more games. You talk too much."

I valiantly disputed it, insisting that I didn't care anyway—which, of course, I did. He offered proof. "I could tell by the way he looked between halves at the last

(Continued on page 56)

In Grandmother's Room and Ours

Gay and quaint hooked rugs are a precious gift from grandmother's day to ours—and so is the art of making them

AN OIL lamp of pressed glass shed a gentle radiance over grandmother's room long ago. It brightened the mellow wood of the spool bed, with its high puff of feathers covered with a patchwork quilt, it gleamed in the small oblong mirror over the chest of drawers, and picked out the colors in the pattern of the hooked rug that lay on the wide, painted boards of the floor.

Today, perhaps, this same lamp—or one very like it—stands on the table in granddaughter's bedroom. Its light is brighter now because an electric bulb has replaced the old chimney, and it is probably gay with a shade of flowered chintz. The scene it illumines is different, too—the feather bed is gone, and the wide floor-boards; there may be a patchwork coverlet, but, more than likely, chintz to match the curtains, or plain colored poplin or sateen is spread over the bed. There is one thing, however, that an old lamp would recognize in the rooms of many granddaughters today, and that is the hooked rug. Such a rug, made of soft yarn or narrow strips of woolen cloth, is just as much a delight to find at the side of a modern girl's bed on a cold morning, as it was when grandmother found one in her unheated bedroom. And, if she hasn't a rug that is a family heirloom, any girl may learn to make one for her own bedside.

Just how old is the art of hooking rugs, no one seems to know. They were in use in American homes more than two hundred years ago, and in our museums may be found examples of some beautiful hooked rugs known to be from a hundred and fifty to two hundred years old. Today, when so many homes are of the Colonial type and so much of the furnishings of our homes is reproduced from the furniture of our ancestors, hooked rugs are considered the most appropriate floor covering that can be had to use with

By JANE LITTELL

either reproductions or antiques that have become treasured heirlooms.

The work of making hooked rugs is done in about the same fashion today as it was a hundred years ago. There is a burlap base through which loops of yarn or narrow strips of woolen cloth are drawn with a crochet hook or one of the patented needles that speeds up the work considerably. And that is all there is to it.

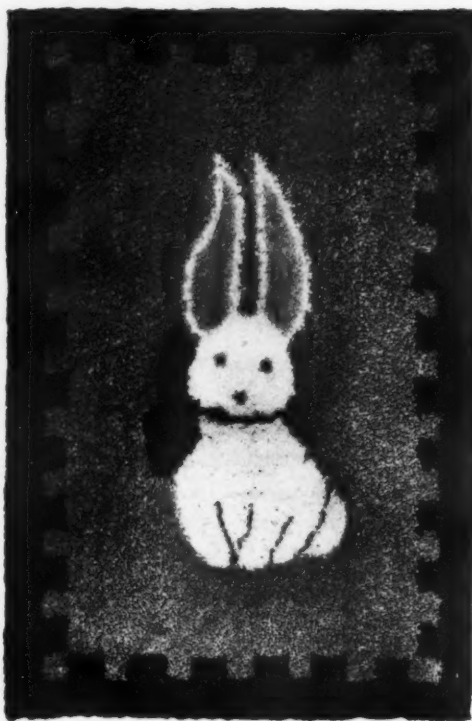
One of the illustrations shows how charmingly informal a hooked rug can be. The other shows one of the patented hooking needles that does the work in much less time than the old method of pulling each loop through the burlap with a crochet hook. Practically any store that sells yarn also sells one or more of the various hooking needles now on the market. They are inexpensive—none of them costing more than a dollar. If, however, you want to make your rug just as your grandmother made hers, use a crochet hook to pull each loop through the burlap.

You need a wooden frame, built like a curtain stretcher, and a few inches larger than the finished rug is to be. A very popular size in hooked rugs is a yard wide and a yard and a half long. This size can be used practically any place in the house, and is as much a joy in front of the dresser as it is in front of the bed or the fireplace, or at the top of the hall stairs.

To make a rug of this size, nail together a frame of boards 38 by 56 inches, inside measurement. Then buy a yard and a half of burlap a yard wide. Around the edge of this, stitch on the sewing machine a three-inch band of muslin. You will need this later to strengthen the edge of the rug, by using it as a facing.

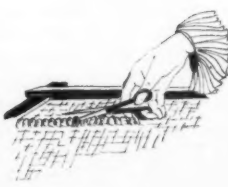
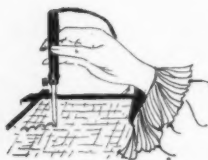
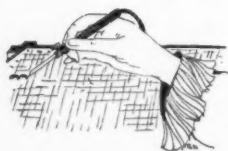
Stretch the burlap over the frame, holding it fast with carpet tacks or thumb tacks. Be sure the burlap is pulled taut, as that makes the work easier.

(Continued on page 41)



A design such as this may be an enlargement of a picture from a child's story book

The modern patented hooking needles make the work just one punch after another



If you cut the loops, cut each row as you finish it



“How Do You Do?”

It's not so much what you say, as how you say it, when you're being introduced—and kind hearts still go with good manners

WHEN a boy and a girl are introduced to each other, the boy is presented to the girl, thus: “Miss Perkins, may I present Mr. Brown?” A boy is taken over to a girl to be introduced; the girl is never brought to the boy. They both reply, “How do you do?”

It is not necessary to use the word “present.” You may simply say, “Miss Perkins, Mr. Brown,” with the emphasis on “Miss Perkins.” The girl's name is always spoken first.

Never say:

“Meet my friend!”

“Meet Miss So-and-so!”

“Shake hands with—”

“Make you acquainted with—”

The girl offers her hand if she desires, but, unless the person introduced to her is much older than she or very distinguished, she merely bows and smiles and says, “How do you do?” The boy does not offer his hand unless the girl has first extended hers. The choice between shaking hands and not shaking hands rests with the girl. However, no girl must ever refuse to take an extended hand, as that is rank discourtesy. If the boy, through a misunderstanding of the fine points of etiquette, offers his hand, the girl must take it and never by word or look admit that she thinks he has blundered. Only an extremely ill-bred person ever makes another realize that he has committed an error.

A boy always rises to his feet when introduced to any one, even to another boy. Boys always shake hands when introduced to one of their own sex.

There are a few definite times when a girl who is seated rises to her feet—when as hostess she greets a newcomer among the guests; when an older woman or a much older man comes into her vicinity; when introduced to an older woman; when introduced to another girl.

She does not rise when a boy is presented to her unless she is the hostess or

By MARY E. CLARK and
MARGERY CLOSEY QUIGLEY

Illustrations by Erick Berry

unless the introduction is made by the above-mentioned older woman or much older man. Then, of course, the observance of courtesy to older people dominates the entire situation.

At ordinary school entertainments or parties in homes of classmates, she does not rise when another school friend presents the boy to her.

A man is always presented to the girl. If the man is much older or very distinguished and the girl is under eighteen, the girl rises. There are only three times when a girl is presented to a man—when he is President of the United States, or a king or a cardinal.

When a girl is introduced to an older woman, she is presented to the older woman thus: “Mrs. Smith, Miss Perkins.” She waits for the older woman to offer her hand. The girl does not offer her own, as the initiative comes from the older woman.

In polite society, the woman comes before the man, and age before youth. An unmarried woman is presented to a married one.

To sum up:

The older woman extends her hand to a girl or to a boy.

The girl extends her hand to a boy, or to a man.

The older man extends his hand to the boy.

The boy extends his hand only to another boy.

The phrases “boy friend,” “girl friend,” “gentleman friend,” and “lady friend,” or even the word “friend,” must not be used for introductions.

No individual ought ever to be introduced to a roomful of people. The poor victim of mistaken hospitality who is dragged up to each member of the group and introduced elaborately to each, is in no comfortable position. Neither ought he to be introduced to the group *en masse*. “Folks, this is Mr. So-and-so” is a dreadful phrase.

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A Different Kind of COURAGE

By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

M^EG watched her mother pack her saddlebags with luxuries and the little homely gifts they had made for her Aunt Margaret and the new baby. On top were laid the tiny shoes she herself had knit from the wool of the white lamb, which she had begged at shearing time and had carded, spun into thread and dyed blue.

"You'll tell Aunt Meg you didn't help me?" she asked anxiously. "I know she holds me cowardly, but at least I would have her hear that I am learning to be useful within the house. And tell her 'twas I who made the dye from the paper around the white loaf sugar which we keep for great occasions."

"I'll tell her." Her mother smiled as she adjusted the safeguard which was to preserve her good skirt from the sweat of the horse and the dust of the road. "In sooth, Meg, you dwell too much on your aunt's thoughtless words. Be sure if I knew you cowardly I would not leave all your little brothers and sisters in your charge."

There was comfort in this, yet it failed to salve Meg's hurt.

"Did you not know I feared the Indians, 'tis I would be riding over to Aunt Margaret's," she said gravely. "The first peal of thunder will set me shaking. For all that, I'll take care of the children. You shall find them safe and well when you come back. So do not weary yourself with thoughts of us but enjoy your visit to Aunt Meg. And make no haste home. I could do alone all that is needful but Jane and Betty are both old enough to aid me, and I shall see to it that they do." She gave a little nod as she said this, managing to look very capable, and when at last her mother mounted her horse from the stump that served as a horse-block, she looked down at her oldest daughter with considerable pride.

"I know no other of your years I'd liefer trust."

Those were her last words ere she rode away, and Meg went back into the house, her head held high. There had been no kisses, none of the fond farewells that might have been expected between mother and daughter. These two, however, understood each other and wasted scant time on the amenities of life, being born of the hardy, unemotional, pioneer stock that had peopled New England in the face of privations, dangers and difficulties enough to daunt any



*A flash of blinding
rectly in her path—
fluttered in her breast
through; for one wild
of trying to run.
herself as alone at the
Had she been given
death would*

but the stoutest hearts and the most vigorous spirits.

Mistress Olmsted had first opened her eyes in a log cabin not many miles from their present abode. She had known what it was to have flaming arrows light within the stockade which her father and other settlers defended against the Narragansets, and she blamed herself for the tales she had told her young daughter of these dangers of her childhood, holding them responsible for the nervousness which made Meg loath to go out of sight of her home alone, even in this year of 1781 when Connecticut had been counted safe from attack, whether of Indians or of British.

Within doors, Meg and her sisters made the beds and set the house to rights. That done, it was time to prepare for dinner, which meal was expected as early as eleven by the sun in all that countryside where the day's work began before it was light. Its preparation was a simple matter, for it consisted of slices of bread her mother had baked the day before, spread with clarified dripping and eaten with a stew of cabbage and potatoes, to which vinegar was added for seasoning by those who liked it.

Of the seven younger children, Jane was twelve, Betsey almost eleven, Bernis nine, Maria eight, John but five, Alfred four, and little Charlotte, the baby of the family, full three and no longer looked upon as a baby, having for food just what was set before her elders.

The stew was almost ready, and Meg called Betsy to her:

Illustrations
by
Remington Schuyler

intensity showed di-
an Indian. Her heart
as if it would burst
moment she thought
Never had she fancied
mercy of a savage.
a choice, immediate
have been easier



"Do you keep it stirred, for if there's one thing I can't abide 'tis cabbage stew with a scorch to it. I'll take the children to the well and wash them."

This she proceeded to do, to their great annoyance, Alfred in particular having made up his mind that such elegance could well be dispensed with in his mother's absence.

"Too much cold water is bad for the health. I've heard my father say so," John averred as it came his turn to submit to her polishing.

"For the inside, he meant, not the outside. He thinks

small beer more helpful in dispelling humours," Meg explained gravely as she gave a final rub to her brother's button of a nose, and they all turned to re-enter the house.

As in many outlying Connecticut farms, the highroad ran between the barns and the living-quarters, and a constant watch was kept on all passers-by who might bring local news or gossip or rumors of the distant war.

Now the steady beat of hoofs reached their ears, and the children stopped to see who was coming. Indeed, as the man drew rein and proved to be a stranger, even Betsey, the reliable, left her stew and stood in the doorway, spoon in hand, agape to hear aught the visitor might say.

His eye picked out Meg as the oldest of those present and he addressed himself to her.

"Your father?" he asked. "Where is he?"

"In the north field, drawing stumps," Meg replied promptly. "He'll not be in for dinner. He took bread and cheese with him."

"Can one of you fetch him?"

"If 'tis needful," the girl answered. "He will scarce wish to be brought so far on any light errand."

"Life and death for many are in the balance!" The man slipped from the saddle as he spoke, and Jane stepped to his horse's head.

"I've rid' half the night," he averred. "I've changed horses twice but stopped not for food—"

"Dinner is ready. You can trust Jane. She's father's helper with the creatures," Meg interrupted. Then, catching sight of Betsey in the doorway instead of at her post, she called, "If that stew is burned, Betsey, 'tis the scrapings of the pot shall be your portion."

Fortunately the supply was plentiful and unscorched. The visitor ate ravenously and in silence, which was usual enough, and was still eating when his horse, with John Olmsted on its back, clattered up to the door.

He slipped into his seat at the head of the table, but motioned Meg away, who would have served him.

"I've eaten." He spoke shortly. Then to the stranger. "What's amiss?"

"The traitor Arnold," the man answered. "Traitor to our army, traitor to General Washington, who hath ever favoured him, and now traitor to Connecticut where first he drew breath."

"I thought they had found employ for him in the south?" Olmsted suggested.

"They did," the stranger returned, "but he's back with a plan to lay Connecticut waste. Faith, he vows Tryon's raids will be forgot when he's worked his will on us. He means to slay, to burn, to rouse the Indians!"

"And you?"

"I'm one of several sent to call the men of the State to arms. An' we lay hands on him, he'll pay for his crimes past and present."

Poor Meg heard nothing after the words, "To rouse

the Indians!" Here was the dread of her lifetime realized.

The Indians were to be let loose on the whites to burn and slay as pleased them! And she would be the sole protector of seven children, for her father must surely go to join in the defense of the countryside. It was worse, far worse than anything she had even anticipated, yet she managed to keep her hands from trembling long enough to fill a knapsack with bread and cheese and a few other necessities, and to watch her father look to his firearms.

Before Jane got back with the oxen he had left in her charge he was gone, his last words to Meg, "You're safe enough here. See to it none of the others wander."

Stiff-lipped, she had told the children not to go out of the door-yard. Then she had set aside Jane's dinner and started to wash up, aided by Betsey.

Jane came in, found her food in a warming-plate in the hot ashes and ate it with good appetite the while she gossiped with Betsey. "What's to do this time?" she began. "Are the British planning to burn Boston or New York? For my part I say let 'em! The sooner they destroy the places where they live like ants in a hill, the sooner will we be rid of 'em." She rambled on light-heartedly, the horrors of war not having come her way, and the largest town she had ever seen being no more than a dozen or so of houses set around a common. Meg heeded her not at all, her thoughts busy with her own fears.

The dishes dried and put away, she mechanically prepared the cornmeal mush and apple sauce which would make their supper, casting a glance forth from the window now and then, as she had seen her mother do to make sure the children were safe at play.

To keep her mind from dwelling on her fears, she set herself one task after another, and thus took no note of the menacing clouds till Jane called to her.

"There's a storm brewing. Betsey and I are off to the water meadow to drive in the cow and calf ere it breaks."

Then Meg realized that the darkness came not so much from the lateness of the hour as from the rising clouds. At once she ran out to call the children in.

"Bernis, Alf, Maria, bring Charlotte! Where's Johnny?" She spoke rapidly, without apprehension. The first distant roll of thunder would start her trembling, but she had no fear that the five-year-old was farther away than the barn or hen-house.

Maria, noted as a tattler, immediately burst forth, "Do you want me to tell you who said he might? I know. I heard. But I won't say a word till you promise you won't tell mother who told you."

"Bernis," Meg spoke impatiently, her eyes on the sky where great, gusty gray masses were piling up. "Never mind who said he might, but do *you* tell me where Johnny's gone."

"I do' know!" said Bernis, bewildered, looking vaguely around. "I was playing horse with Alf and Charlotte. They were ponies—"

"But where is John?" Fear began to sound in Meg's voice.

"Oh, he's all right," Maria remarked negligently. "He's gone after blueberries. He heard you say you were sorry you had no fresh pie for the man who came for father—"

"It's too late for blueberries," Meg declared.

(Continued on page 64)



A girl of about her own age coaxed her to take a little of the dried meat and maize bread



It's easy to save when you've one of these small strong boxes to hold the nickels and dimes that you take to the bank

“And Her Name is on the Cover”

IT SOUNDED truly thrilling to Jane—this plan of having a bank-book of her own, of going to the bank to make her own deposits, of having money in the bank that belonged to herself.

“But,” she said to herself, as her Captain told of it, “what’s the use of my thinking about it? I haven’t any allowance, like some of the girls. I haven’t any money. How can I start a savings account?”

But the Captain talked on, even her hands quick with excitement. The bank down the street, it seemed, had adopted the troop, and the men had invited them all for an afternoon party. At least it sounded like a party, the way the invitation read. The girls had never thought of a bank giving them a party—you just don’t, with banks, you know!

“Oh, well,” Jane’s thoughts went on, when all the girls had raised their hands to indicate that they would go, “I might as well go along and see what it’s all about.”

So, despite that fact that she had no money and wouldn’t have, so far as she could see, Jane went with her troop to the bank’s “At Home Day.” She felt more than a little important, going in at the wide front door through which she had seen her father and mother and other men and women walk. She was surprised to find the bankers so evidently pleased to have the girls there. And what a real adventure—going through the bank, having the heavy doors of the safe swing out for their special benefit, learning just where the money went, even taking a peek at the safe deposit boxes!

For she is a Colorado Springs Girl Scout, and it's the cover of her own bank-book that she earned herself

By ELIZABETH REYNOLDS

Then one of the men turned suddenly to Jane and asked, “What is your name?”

Jane told him. Quickly he printed something on the cover of a bank book. “There,” he said, holding it up for all the girls to see. “As soon as each of you has saved money in the savings bank I will give you, come in here

with what you have saved and we will give you a bank book like this with your name on the cover. Inside will be entered the amount of money that you deposit each time. And, every so often, another entry will be made in your book—your interest. Your bank account will grow that much larger without any work on your part.

“What do you want to do when you get through High School?” he questioned Jane again, because she was still directly in front of him.

“Go to college,” said Jane, without even stopping to think.

“Fine,” said the man. “You’d better come in tomorrow to open up your account.”

Jane said nothing—for she was remembering that she had no allowance and no way of getting money to save. She did, however, take home with her the small savings bank which the man gave to each of them. “For your pennies and nickels and dimes,” he explained. “And you will be surprised how quickly they mount up.”

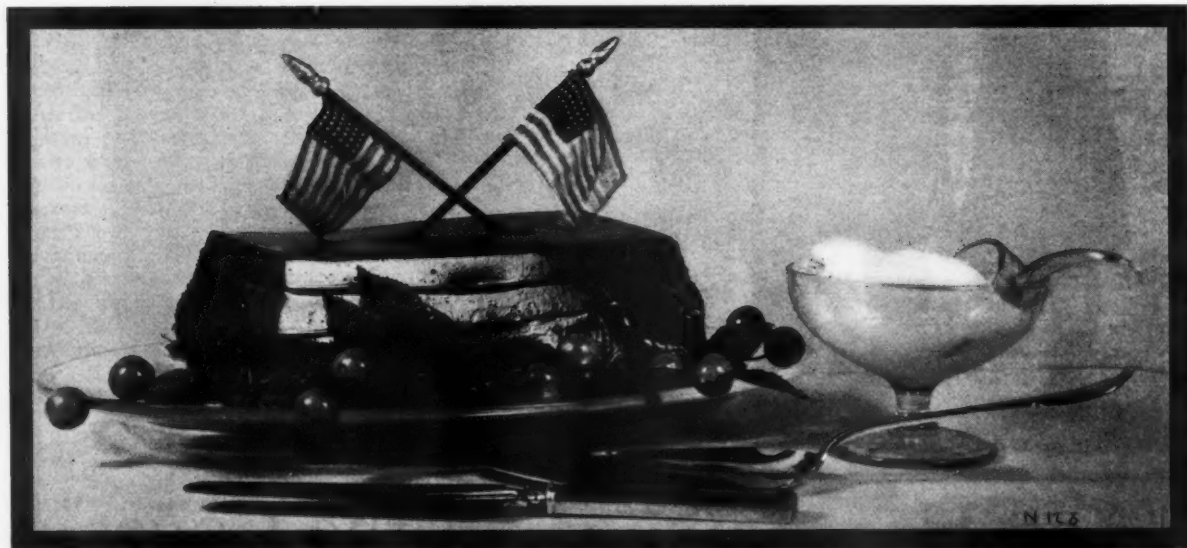
“They can’t mount up if they aren’t there at all,” thought Jane, as she opened the door at home.

But the story of Jane doesn’t end here. At the next

(Continued on page 55)

"Requesting the Honor

Whether it be formal and splendid or merely a good time supper where even the guests pretend to be "just girls," what is more fun than a Mother-Daughter Banquet?



With February just around the corner, why not plan a banquet for Washington's Birthday and serve patriotic gelatine loaf with cherry punch?

BANQUET"! Doesn't it sound alluring? There's something about the very word that implies distinction and grandness and everything that is splendid, don't you think? And that is why I'm so glad it is part of the plan of many Girl Scouts and troops to arrange for a Mother-Daughter Banquet some time during the Girl Scout year.

Of course, the first thing is to decide on the menu or dishes to be prepared. I'm sure that here is where the Girl Scout Cooks will score 100%! For of course you will do all the cooking and serving, not only to show your own handiwork and skill, but to express in the best way the true affection and love you hold for your mothers.

And here is where management and wise buying will come in also. For, as soon as you decide which menu you prefer to follow, the next step is to estimate how much of every food and ingredient is required. If you are using canned goods, be sure to purchase advertised brands which stand for dependable quality.

Know just how many portions one can will provide, and figure how many cans or pounds or quarts, as the case may be, it will take to serve as many persons as you are expecting. This is where arithmetic can be put to practical use. If the recipe given will serve six persons, let us say, then do a real "example" of how the ingredients must be multiplied to serve the twenty or thirty for whom you are giving the banquet.

Now, let's see which of these menus you would like to follow. They all taste good and are certain to please even the most critical of mothers. And they *look* attractive, too—which is very much more important than it seems.

Menu One

Tuna Fish à la Newburgh in patty shells
Scalloped potatoes, shoestring, or other fried potatoes
Pimento and nut sandwiches
Spiced devil's food cake
Olives
Cocoa or fruit punch

Menu Two

Oyster and celery casserole
Stuffed baked potatoes
Asparagus
Peach surprise or ice box pudding
Pineapple smash punch
Peas with finger rolls

Menu Three—Oriental Banquet

Chop suey and rice
Quartered head lettuce with shrimp dressing
Almond cakes and tea
Crystallized ginger
Candied fruits
Peanut penuche

Menu Four—Valentine Banquet

Tomato consomme with bread sticks
Lobster or shrimp salad in pink mayonnaise
Small baking powder biscuits
Heart salad of cream cheese and pepper
Strawberry or cherry ice
Heart mints and candies
Heart cookies
Red punch

Menu Five—Patriotic Banquet

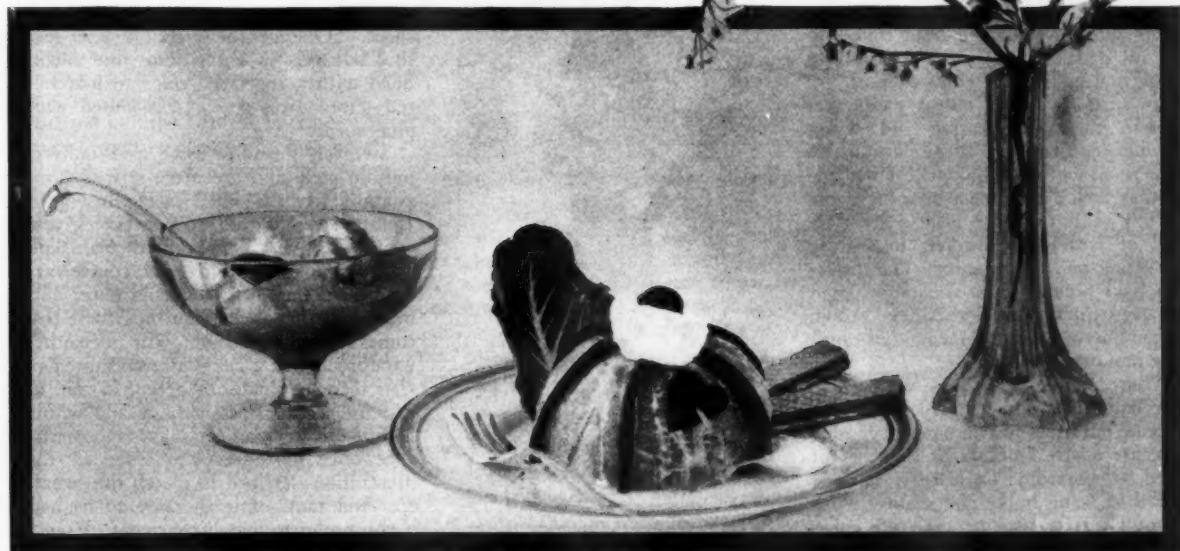
Baked or boiled hot sliced ham
Star molded spinach and buttered noodles or candied sweets
Hatchet-shaped bread and butter sandwiches
Mock cherry pie or patriotic gelatine loaf
Cocoa
Lemon-cherry punch
Tri-color cakes

The menu you choose will perhaps depend on the place where you do the cooking and the form in which you

of Your Presence"

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

*Assisted by Eurette Davis of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,
Doris May Hunter of West Hartford, Connecticut, and
Betty Preller of Dormont, Pennsylvania*



Though this grapefruit salad is for Valentine's Day, it can be served for other occasions, too; the crisp crackers are spread with soft cheese

intend serving the banquet. If all the guests are to be seated at one large table, you may use a central decoration of bright fruits together with candles in the holiday colors of red or green. You may use laurel, ground pine, and similar greens on the table or looped along the edges of the cloth. A small basket or favor to hold nuts and candies should be at each place, while a white place card with the name clearly written is always helpful in seating a large number.

The Oriental Banquet or the Valentine Banquet would perhaps be most attractive where there are small tables, seating four, six, or eight persons. For decorations in the former, one could use a Japanese parasol opened over the table, or have tiny lanterns suspended at the table corners. Slender vases holding cherry blossoms or chrysanthemums are attractive centerpieces. Fans, or some small fancy china dish, make pretty favors. The typical Valentine colors are red or combinations of Nile green, pink, and lavender—all colors of love! There may be strings of assorted paper hearts looped above the table or around the tablecloth. And the favors may be very "heart-y"—candy boxes or baskets which you can easily make from paper outfits and fill with your own home-made candies.

The Patriotic Banquet may also be rich and colorful, with its red, white, and blue to choose from. Washington can be recalled in favors of cocked hats, hatchets and cherry tree boxes, while Lincoln may be brought to mind with miniature bales of cotton or little pickaninny dolls. Small photographs of either President would be equally suitable as souvenirs.

The banquet may also be carried out just as satisfactor-

ily as a buffet supper. Here, all the foods and refreshments are attractively arranged on one large table presided over by several hostesses. In this plan, each guest is given a large plate and cup or glass, and comes up to receive portions of each dish. This is also sometimes spoken of as a "stand-up" supper, but equally often the guest takes her filled plate and seats herself informally wherever she prefers. For this manner of service, the smoothly finished paper plate or the larger paper platter which provides space for hot dish, sandwich, cup and relish, is very convenient. Indeed, the use throughout of paper service, napkins and cloth is to be recommended for all such banquets, because it will give the girls who cook and serve more leisure after the party to join in the fun—instead of washing up.

Menu One can be served at a table or as a buffet. The tuna fish tastes as delicate as chicken and is called "à la Newburgh" just because it is served hot in a creamed sauce. The patty shells are not necessary, but since they may often be bought at a caterer's for a cent or two apiece, they will make the creamed dish a little fancier. Or instead, this or any creamed dish may be served in a fluted paper cup, oiled and kept warm until filled. Scaloped potatoes may be made in large quantity in a flat baking or roasting pan. Candied sweet potatoes are boiled, sliced, sprinkled with sugar and spice, and similarly baked. Fried potatoes should be carefully cooked in deep fat, drained well and kept hot in an oven until serving time. If they are cut in strips, chips, or as in "waffle" potatoes, they will look much prettier. The cake which I have chosen to go

(Continued on page 42)

Let's Talk About Clothes

WINTER sports are no more fun these days, I'm sure, than they used to be when I was a little girl and spent my winters running my flexible flyer into apple trees. We used to wear long warm black tights over our underclothes and pulled-down stocking caps and woolly mittens which never quite seemed to reach far enough to keep the snow from going up our sleeves when we pitched head first into a snow drift. And we looked pretty awful, and had a marvelous time.

I'm sure the girls I see at winter resorts in their gay skating and skiing costumes don't enjoy themselves a bit more than we used to, but I must admit they look a great deal better. In the last few years there has been a great revival of fashionable interest in skating and skiing and tobogganing. Winter resorts have become more and more popular, and winter sport clothes have grown more numerous, better looking and much more practical.

Where, in the older days, we used to wear knit tights or bulky wool bloomers to keep ourselves warm and dry, now there are smart knickers or breeches of tweed or gabardine or leather. Skirts, instead of being bulky and clumsy, with lots of pleats to wad between the knees and hold you back when you skate, are cut short and circular or split at the sides or divided to give freedom. The loveliest sweaters are made of the lightest and warmest wools so that you're quite snug without feeling weighed down. And in place of the old heavy long coats we used to wear, are windbreakers and reefers of capeskin or suède or corduroy in the gayest or softest colors.

It would be a great pleasure indeed if, for just long enough to choose a complete winter sports wardrobe, I could turn back the time and make myself think I were a young girl again. Wouldn't I just have fun!

The knickers and split skirt which I am showing are quite a new idea and I think they are a find. Here great freedom of movement is possible, as well as warmth and good looks. The material is brown tweed and the pull-over sweater and cap are striped in shades of brown. Underneath the sweater, another tight light-weight sweater may be worn if you need it for warmth. Two garments, even of light weight, you know, often prove warmer than a single heavy garment, on account of the air space between.

Another new skirt for skating is divided, front to back, so cleverly that it looks like an ordinary skirt until a long stride makes added width necessary. The short plain circular flaring skirts are new and very practical, for they give width without too much bulk. And there are also, of course, lots of new variations of the pleated skirt, which is an old favorite.

Some girls like to wear heavy knickers or breeches without a skirt—especially favored for skiing—and when these are worn the coat is usually cut a little longer, to give a more graceful look and, in some degree, to take the place of the skirt. I saw a charming costume of this type which combined tan knickers of a material somewhat like whipcord, with a coat of dark brown corduroy.

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*

Illustration by Katherine Shane



This pull-over sweater and cap are striped in shades of brown; the skirt and knickers are of brown tweed

For active sports the outer garment should not be too long, but the choice of coat or sweater is optional. Short leather coats give more warmth than sweaters, and even permit the wearing of a sweater underneath, if necessary. They come in suède or capeskin in a great variety of styles, prices and colors. Some button up and some have those funny zipper closings such as they put on overshoes. One of the prettiest I've seen this fall was in a medium blue suède, lined with a rusty red color to match a red jersey dress which was belted with blue suède.

Sweaters for outer wear are usually in pull-on style and are often striped horizontally like the one I have illustrated. Lighter weight pull-over sweaters, also striped, are very popular with plain knit skirts to match. These, of course, are not warm enough without an outer garment, but they make charming little costumes in combination with a leather windbreaker or a heavy top sweater. I've seen them in shades of green, in tan, or in wine with stripes in navy and white.

The old stocking cap makes its appearance once more—as you'll see in the illustration—striped to match the sweater. And tams of leather are to be had if you prefer to match your coat. A wool scarf, heavy wool stockings and wool gloves are just about the most necessary

accessories any costume ever had, and you want to be sure your boots or overshoes are comfortably large and strong and waterproof.

I don't really think a top coat or any long coat is of much use if you're really doing things on skates or a toboggan, but I do find my eye tremendously taken by the reversible great coats of tweed and leather. You're looking at a tweed coat, you know, and presto, they turn it inside out for you, and there you have a leather one, all complete. They would be lovely for any chilly sitting down sport like football games, and there, too, I guess, belong the sports coats of pony or goatskin, though they are making short coats of these furs this year which are really practical for skating if you want to spend that much money.

The chief things to remember in buying winter sports clothes are that they must be first, light weight; second, warm; third, not bulky. Do not choose heavy garments if you can find lighter weight ones that will do. It isn't the weight that indicates the warmth. Pure wool is light.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that bulk indicates warmth, either. Ten to one, the bulkiest garments have the extra material distributed in just the wrong places. Remember that you're picking clothes to be active in and don't hamper yourself with extra material.

Be sure that you get an easy fit. Narrow skirts, sleeves that bind, and tight shoes, are worse than useless. Sweaters are fine because they "give."

Avoid materials that wet through easily. Gabardine sheds snow. Leather keeps out the wind. Sweaters and other knit wool costumes are light, porous and warm.

One last word—and that's color. Be as gay as you like. The great brown and white outdoors can absorb a lot of color, and color's quite in tempo with the spirit of the scene.



HAVE you ever seen a girl on a trolley car, or in almost any other public place, pull out a van- ity box and start repair- ing the ravages of the past ten minutes? In the breathless in- stant of getting the cupid's bow exact- ly right and the cheek tint the correct shade, she's lost to the world. A sign a foot high over her head wouldn't notify us more definitely that she's "closed for repairs."

Your Mirror and You Closed for Repairs

By GRACE T. HALLOCK

Illustrations by Cornelia Brownlee

Where the sign should really hang is over her bedroom door for nine or ten hours every night. We are really and truly closed for repairs then, and there is no more effective and inexpensive cosmetic than sleep.

In one of those half-remembered tales called myths, which have come down to us from the lovely dawn of wonder, sleep is actually called a beauty cream. Venus was simply furious when she learned that her son, Cupid, had married a mortal girl named Psyche who was so beautiful

that all the young men neglected the altars of Venus to pay court to her. When the marriage became known, Venus whisked Cupid away and locked

the social equal of Venus, she and Cupid were allowed to live happily ever afterward.

From that day to this, sleep has been recognized as one of the most potent beauty creams known. It is described in *Happy's Vanity Case*, published by The American Child Health Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City, as being scented with sweet dreams. Its net weight is ten hours, and it will not evaporate in fresh air. The directions for applying are: Open at nine o'clock at night and mix one fresh bedful with an open window. It is most effective when the skin is washed before applying.

Seriously, during the day we use up the substances of our bodies faster than they can be repaired. While we are asleep the brain, the switchboard of the body, stops work. As a result, the whole body gets a chance to rest. It is closed for the night, and, during those hours of closing, the tissues are repaired. If we don't have the proper amount of sleep each night, we soon begin to look haggard. The little black crows of fatigue make tracks under our eyes. This means that we haven't given our bodies enough time in which to get rid of the fatigue poisons, the by-products of the intense life of activity that we lead when we're awake. It also means that our "closed for repairs" sign wasn't out long enough to finish up the job of repairing the worn tissues. Another thing, we *grow* while we're asleep. That's why it's so important for children to sleep longer hours than grown-ups, who have reached their limit of growth. The twelve to eighteens are growing, too, although not quite so fast as children. They need at least nine hours of sleep every night if they are to "grow in beauty," as well as in stature.

In sleep, all of our connections are cut off from the outside world. The only switches left open in the brain are the ones which control the automatic functions of our bodies, like the beating of the heart and breathing. But the brain subconsciously is still on

(Continued on page 45)

him up, and when Psyche pleaded with her mother-in-law for the release of her husband, the haughty goddess of beauty set the young girl three seemingly impossible tasks.

The last of these was an errand to Hades where Proserpine reigned as Queen. Venus gave Psyche a little empty box and directed her to say to Proserpine: "My mistress, Venus, desires you to send her a little of your beauty, for in tending her sick son she has lost some of her own." And then she warned Psyche: "Be not too long on your errand, for I must paint myself with it to appear at the circle of the gods and goddesses this evening."

Psyche succeeded in reaching Hades and delivered her message. The box was filled with the precious beauty cosmetic and shut tightly. But as soon as Psyche reached the upper air again she simply couldn't resist opening the box to examine the beauty of the goddesses. What mortal girl could! She said to herself: "What! Shall I, the carrier of this divine beauty, not take the least bit to put on my cheeks to make me appear more beautiful in the eyes of my beloved husband?"

She carefully opened the box, and lo, a deep sleep rushed out and overwhelmed her, and she fell by the roadside.



The crow's
feet'll get
you if you
don't watch
out



In Ogden, Utah,

One "Little House" helps build another

When the first whiff of spring's perfume was wafted down from the southlands by a capricious little breeze, when a lone robin wended its way over the tops of the elms and perched on the back fence, and when the snows were melting and the ice was booming its way down the river, Troop 9 had an idea.

We, for we were Troop 9, possessed a Girl Scout house of our own, a two-roomed cottage with patrol corners and furniture, and all of the other things that Girl Scouts like. So why not have a tea with our sister Girl Scouts and council members invited? Enthusiastically we embraced the idea and went ahead with our plans. We neatly penned the invitations:

TROOP 9

Ogden Girl Scouts, will be at home to its friends Monday, February 22nd, at the "Little House," 1041 Oak St., from two to six o'clock P.M.

Then we scrubbed, cleaned, hung pictures, polished china, and at last we stood in the doorway and surveyed our handiwork.



The girls of Troop 15, Montclair, New Jersey, number among their good times the planting of this beautiful bronze beech

When Girl Scouts Put T

It's fair weather, of course, and there are parties and trips to famous places, badge work and patrol Scouts themselves tell

The morning of our entertainment we were in a flurry of excitement and suspense. What if our refreshments gave out? What if no one came? What if—but these illusions suddenly disappeared when we discovered what appeared to be an entire troop wending its way up the road. Here they were at last! We welcomed them and soon with the aid of a phonograph borrowed for the occasion, with a program which we had arranged, and with the conversational abilities of our five hostesses, aspirants to the Hostess Badge, restraint and self-consciousness gave place to freedom and ease. By and by some more Girl Scouts came, and then some more until, including our mothers and councilors, we had entertained nearly a hundred guests!

Our little house was always the center of admiration. If our visitors had not been Girl Scouts they would have been very envious of our good fortune. At it was, they expressed the determination to secure a troop headquarters of their own. By the end of the afternoon we felt convinced that our tea had been a success!

It had! A month later the *Girl Scout Notes* announced that a Girl Scout community house had been procured to serve for general troop headquarters. Any troop might make arrangements. Of course we were excited and we closely watched developments. Had we not played a part, though small, in making this thing possible, at least in creating the interest necessary to start the project? —ARDELL CARDON.

To Philadelphia Came

Girl Scout Day at Sesqui-centennial

How tongues wagged at a meeting a few weeks ago when our Captain told us of Girl Scout Day at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition! Would we like to go? Needless to ask! The printed sheets announcing "our day" were much in demand, and every question of when and how to get there was gone over from the ground up.

Thursday dawned, I should like to say, "clear and bright," but I must admit, discouragingly rainy. We traveled in the 'bus to Philadelphia and then took the Elevated for the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. During the morning we were royally entertained by the chef, who led us on a tour of inspection through the vast hotel kitchens.

At twelve o'clock we took a taxi for the grounds of the Sesqui. The first thing to attract us was the huge Liberty Bell which is composed of twenty-six thousand bulbs. That evening we had

an opportunity to see it lighted. After a tour of the Girl Scout House, which was built and furnished in partnership with the Better Homes Committee, we sat down to eat our lunch on a little bridge over the lake.

After lunch we joined all the other Girl Scouts and stood in line to salute the flag. To see all those sister Scouts standing there made me love every one of them. Then we made our way to the Pennsylvania Building where we sang many songs. Movies and tea with Miss



"Good Scout," Miss Eleanor Gill, Captain of Troop 2, Irvington, New Jersey, is saying to Emma Mae Franke. In spite of an injured back and pain enough to have dampened a less brave spirit, Emma Mae's busy fingers sewed this banner for the Red Cross

Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, followed. We toured the buildings after that. The main building contained exhibits from divers countries. I was especially impressed by the Japanese exhibit, "The Pearl Pagoda"—perhaps some of you have seen it. Also, "Tiantania's Palace." Very shortly we realized it was time for our suppers, which we had hidden away in the bushes. The sandwiches were slightly damp when we unpacked them, but damp sandwiches should be no dampener of spirits, and we joked, laughed and made plans for the evening. First we went to Treasure Island, which is a land where story-book people come true.

At eight o'clock we came to "Mt. Vernon" and waited for the other girls. After they came, all of us turned toward the Stadium, where an entertainment was held, after which we returned home. The day was voted a great success, as it cer-

Put Their Heads Together

ies and stunts and overnight hikes, money-raising sales
contests, and new ideas for troop meetings—Girl
ell of their good times

tainly was.—GRACE NAOMI ADDIS,
Pitman, N. J.

San Antonio, Texas, Girl Scouts

Spent holidays on Island Farm

On Christmas Eve our troop packed their kits and bunks into an improvised covered wagon, and sped away from the city of San Antonio to spend the holidays on Island Farm.

On arriving, we girls were ready to do our part. Some rushed to the field to bring up hay, spread it on the floor of an old vacant farm house, and covered it with wagon sheets and blankets forming beds where several could bunk together. Some brought in wood for the huge fireplace where we cooked our meals, and still others slipped off to the pasture and decorated a lovely little spruce for a Christmas Tree. That night in the soft moonlight as we sat around our campfire after a program, and stared into the heavens, we felt nearer to nature and the inspirational parts of *Scouts' Own*.

The next morning we were surprised to see the whole country covered with a mantle of snow. Of course there was a scrambling rush to have a snow fight. After breakfast we exchanged Christmas greetings with the farm overseer's family, and helped his children roll large snow balls. Then we had fun riding horses and exploring the nearby surroundings.

Another wonderful thrill was our trip up the lake in boats. Such beautiful scenes we saw! None but a Sydney Lanier could describe them—they were similar to his *Marshes of Glen*. Our rowing frightened the bird folk but we heard

the kingfisher's shrill call and the cardinal and blue-jay delighted us with their bright colors. The hawk flew to a safe distance and calmly watched while the woodpecker hid behind his tree. On hearing a whirr of wings, we were sure to see a flock of ducks. As darkness came on and the air grew damp, the sight of old dead bare trees along the bank, and of old stumps rising out of the water recalled to us Poe's "dank taurine of Auber down by the misty mid-region of Weir."

That night, as on many others, we enjoyed a good supper of roasted venison, baked potatoes and steamed spinach followed by pop-corn and candy made from sorghum molasses. Then we told stories and received calls from our country neighbors. The most interesting of them was an old hermit musician who played the sweetest music ranging from Scottish Highland Flings, on his flute, to the softest love sonnets on his violin and guitar.

Our holidays speedily passed. As true Girl Scouts, we returned as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances—but we found it hard!—ROSALIND ROLLINS of Troop 10.

Lorain, Ohio, girls

Held a supper hike by Lake Erie

At 4:30, Troop 1, of Lorain, Ohio, ambled merrily forth on a supper hike. We followed the Lake Erie Shore Road for a few miles and then turned south down a little country road, then west on another, till we found ourselves on a narrow, woody road that looked as if no one had ever traveled on it before.

Then across a fence and into the woods, and we had found our rendezvous—a silvery stretch of water, with



gray rock walls and tall trees and the blue sky mirrored in it. It was, as a matter of fact, an old abandoned quarry which most of us had never known was there.

We all threw down our baggage and after a minute most of us hid ourselves off on a tour of exploration. It was the most delightful deserted spot—nary a footprint to spoil the effect. There were hills and mounds of rock everywhere, and we played "Follow-the-Leader" all over them—it was so much fun! But when "Lui" became leader she took an unfair advantage by making faces, and the game degenerated. Anyway, by that time we heard two blasts of the whistle, and everyone ran back to the pool. When we were all assembled, Isla, our captain, issued orders. "Shorty" and "Catty" and I went off for firewood; "Midge" and "Lui" cut green branches and sharpened the ends, and some of the others began to build the fire.

Finally things were under way and we all armed ourselves with pointed sticks, plopped down around the fire, and soon were eating "angels-on-horseback." Helen Ferris, have you ever eaten 'em? M-m-m! They're good! Here's the way you make them: Pick out the biggest piece of cheese you can find, wrap a half-slice of bacon around it, impale that on your weapon, and hold it over the fire until it's done. (That's when the bacon begins to burn.) Then put your result and a pickle inside a roll or two slices of bread,

(Continued on page 43)



Troop Ten of San Antonio not only have Christmas camping parties—they also have a mounted patrol to skirmish for them

The Real DIARY of a Real Girl SCOUT

*She says we may publish her
diary if we'll call her "Peggy"
which isn't her real name*



"Guess we'll try for the
Bird Finder Badge too,"
write these San Diego, Cal.,
Girl Scouts from this largest
bird cage in the world

As Peggy writes her diary,
from coast to coast other
Girl Scouts are writing
theirs. Hiking—camping—
all sorts of good times—all
sorts of good turns



"I was chief
cook"



Were they as successful as Peggy in lighting their fire
with one match? Did they cook "angels on horseback"?
Ask them if you know them—they are from Minneapolis



Peggy records gala days—so, too, did the Washington girls when they gave our November issue to Mrs. Coolidge

"More fun." At Cleveland's mother-daughter banquet, the Richardson family were all present



SATURDAY More fun. Our Mothers adored the New Year's banquet we gave them. We made up resolutions to read - and then they said some too. More fun. We ate and sang and everybody said the cooking was yummy. I was chief cook.

WEDNESDAY Goodness, just can't remember this. Troop meeting today. Everybody said which badges she's going to work on this year. Guess I'll try Bird Finder for a change.

SUNDAY More fun hiking yesterday. Had a fire building contest and didn't win. Lit mine with one match though. Tried Angels on Horseback out of the new Hike Book from National Yummy.

TUESDAY (lots later, that's when) Oh joy. We're so excited. Peg's father's got a sort of shed on some land he owns on the Old Post Road and he says we can fix it up for our Girl Scout cabin.



"Yummy eats," says Peggy—and the winter campers at Camp Andree

"Oh, joy, our own cabin"—Peggy and another Camp Andree girl join in





The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

A page written and illustrated by Girl Scouts

THE Beholder publishes your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw, in India ink, headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book. The photographs this month are of "Goldy and Dusty," whom Ann D. Arnold tells about. Here are two more Honorable Mention stories from the Pet Contest.

Pete

One bright spring morning, as I was going on an errand for my mother, I noticed two boys riding in a wagon with a young pigeon perched on the tongue. I remembered the sixth Girl Scout law, "A Girl Scout is a friend to animals," and decided to try to free the small captive. The pigeon could not fly and made no attempt to escape. I asked the boys to sell him to me and a sum was agreed upon. I carried the pigeon home and named him "Pete." Soon he became very tame and would sit on my hand and eat.

Two months later found Pete the proud possessor of a wife and one egg. Soon a queer little squab hatched. I named him "Chirpo," because of his noisy ways.

It was so interesting to see Pete guarding Chirpo that I wrote the following lines:

Said Pete to his wife, "Jemima, my dear,
That young one of ours does cause me such fear,

He's gay and frolicsome, and O, such a flirt!
He's careless and carefree, I'm sure he'll get hurt.

When I tell him I'll help him, and give him advice,

He kindly refuses and says, 'Oh, that's nice,
But I know enough, I'm sure,' says he,
'I wish that you would stop worrying me.'
But Jemima just smiled, and said to Pete:
'We'll have to let Chirpo stand on his own feet.

He will learn to be wiser and not such a flirt,
Also to be careful and not to get hurt.
He will learn by experience, as did you and I."

Pete answered, "You're right," as he gulped down a fly.

ANITA BUTTS,

Troop 1, Monroe, Georgia.

"But," questioned Dr. Cady as she read of Pete's anxieties, "do pigeons eat flies?"
Do they?

A Twilight Adventure

It was just that hour when the sun slowly sinks behind the hills, and night begins to take up her reign: when all things are beautiful, and a certain reverent feeling fills the surroundings.

I was on the lake with several friends. Suddenly one of the girls drew my attention to a figure on the shore. There stood a fawn, her neck gracefully arched as she looked with large frightened eyes around her. Satisfied that no danger was near, she lowered her head to the water's edge and drank. A beautiful picture indeed, this graceful creature daintily drinking, with the soft deep green of the forest behind her. A low exclamation escaped my lips. As if it had been a loud scream, the fawn turned and with a graceful leap started toward the forest, her home, a minute later to disappear into the dark green foliage.

GLADYS FUNK,

Troop 164, Philadelphia, Pa.

Winter

The fluffy dots all whirl and turn
And dance and float and swing,
Amid the bursts of Nature's breath—
All fairies on the wing.

Morning

Where are those fairies white and light?
Where could they all have fled?
They're diamonds of rainbow tints
At rest in sparkling bed.

BETTY RENNER,

Captain, Walkill, N. Y.



Dusty takes a mid-day nap

Goldy and Dusty

Last fall a friend of mother's gave us two tiny, fluffy balls of tiger kittens. They were so small that, for a while, Ray, my sister, and I could not play with them. They are twins—both looking just alike from head to foot, except that one is lighter than the other. And both have tan fur with black stripes. The very tip of their tails is jet black. Finally they grew old enough to play with. After a long discussion, we named them "Goldy and Dusty." Mother told us that we could choose the one we wanted, so I chose Dusty.

"Does he know me?" you ask. He certainly does! One, "Here kitty, kitty," will bring him purring to me immediately. He tries almost every night to sleep on my bed, but mother always puts him down into the cellar.

One of his tricks is to open the screen door. He puts his paws on the edge of the door and pushes. The next moment he has disappeared. He likes to play with a pen or pencil, too.

But you must not think he catches birds, because he has a little bell attached to his red ribbon. I am glad to be able to say truthfully that he has never yet caught or chased a bird.

One Monday, when I returned from a week's vacation, I was told that Dusty was lost. He had disappeared Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday—almost four days! Daddy said he would come back. Sometimes cats stay away a week, he said. But I would not listen to him. The next morning I was just ready to go and ask the neighbors if they had seen him lately, when suddenly I heard a little bell. Looking down I saw Dusty! You know how glad I was!

ANN D. ARNOLD,

Troop 4, Waban, Mass.

Do You Draw?

Then join up for a share in illustrating the Beholder. Your pencil will tell other girls of things you've seen and fun you've had outdoors. Subjects? They are numberless. Try a wind-blown tree or a group of dark pines, a corner of your garden where bare branches and twigs trace a lovely scroll-like pattern. Or try your Girl Scout cabin or camp site. Then there are animals. Cats are adepts at posing. Even dogs are sometimes quiet. Horses, calves, rabbits—all are good for sketching. You may even try a simple scene—a glimpse of your troop on a supper hike, or the cooks at their work a bit later.

Read the directions on page 46.



When the Ice is Thick and the Wind Blows Cold

(Continued from page 13)

Hampshire and the big water-ponds in Central Park, New York City—they are another proposition. Below the deeply-frozen ice is water. The sun comes along and does some melting. A crowd of skaters is too heavy for a particularly thin area, and the next thing the skaters know—crack! It has happened many times in the dead of winter. It will probably happen again. But boys and girls will take fewer risks when they realize the how and the why and the what of mid-winter drowning.

So much for the dangers and disadvantages. But there are a hundred virtues in ice-skating. Perhaps the principal pleasure is fast movement. Every high-hearted young person loves movement. That's why they like a swift motor-boat or a high-powered car or a roller-coaster or a good toboggan. They want their breath snapped in two. They want the wind in their eyes. They want to feel, for once, that gravitation is gloriously overcome. They want the fine ecstasy of being altogether free. Ice-skating is all this—and better because, added to the thrill of movement, is the skater's realization that *her arms, her legs, her body*, are bringing about that movement.

The time and the place and the companion are important factors. Morning, afternoon, or evening—they are all open to the skater. Before breakfast is a marvelous time. The lake is very still and very white and very lonely. But there are long stretches of virgin ice for an early riser to traverse. And there is a breakfast waiting which will compensate for any courageous dressing in a cold room and solitary excursion to an empty-looking lake. Bacon, eggs, buck-wheat pancakes, steaming cocoa in a blue cup. . . .

Or at night. No skater has experienced the full excitement of skating until she has skated on a river or a lake at night. It is difficult to explain the reason. Perhaps the dark is more romantic, perhaps it seems more adventurous or more picturesque. Everything is brittle—the air, the ice under the skates, the skies with their glittering stars. If it is a much-used lake, there is probably an arc-light suspended over the middle. If it is a river outside of town, there are wood-fires along the river banks, where anybody can warm hands or watch the

red flame or cook a weiny. Laughter comes in little flurries. Some one shouts, "Gangway!" A game of "shinny" is loudly proposed, and three boys go scrambling in the wood for blocks. A few skate cross-handed. But most go singly, darting, curving in and out, drawing up sharply. Over by a camp-fire, a girl's treble starts off *It's a Long, Long Trail* or *Jingle Bells* or *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here*. Six or seven voices take it up. Presently the river is ringing with songs and the jolly sound of steel striking against steel, and steel striking against ice.

Afterwards, there is a party in a neighbor's house. How gratefully the hot chocolate slips down! How glibly the buttery popcorn! How "lickin'" the sandwiches and the old-fashioned vinegar taffy! And two minutes after the revellers are in bed, they are sweetly asleep. An earthquake directly underneath the bed couldn't wake them.

But *where* you skate is no less vital than *when* you skate. Ice "emporiums" in the city are better than nothing. They serve a definite need for people who can't get away to the country. But skating indoors is like flower-growing indoors. It isn't natural. That's why hundreds of boys and girls flock to the ice-ponds in city parks. They want to approximate as closely as possible the wonderful skating-rinks which nature furnishes in far-from-the-city places. Lucky the skaters who have a lake or a river of their own, with trees and furry animals around them!

When the time and the place are chosen, choose your companion. Often it is great sport to skate alone. There is more liberty of movement for a bird flying alone than for a bird flying in a flock. But the get-together instinct is strong in all of us. When the day is cold, therefore, and the ice is thick enough, choose your companion and be off!

But don't forget to wrap up. It's no fun to get chilled to the bone. Boys have learned to whistle along in high shoes, wool stockings, a warm suit, a sweater, perhaps, and a coat. Many girls have adopted almost the same costume, inasmuch as knickers allow more freedom of movement than a skirt. Still, the short skirts of today, if they are full enough, are less binding than the absurdly long affairs of twenty years ago. And a regu-

lar girl's costume, after all, can be varied in countless attractive ways. One year on Lake Placid there was a girl who looked like a scarlet tanager. She wore red shoes, red stockings, a red woolen suit, and a red hat just big enough to fit down closely around her ears. Another girl looked smart in a gray costume which was brightly set off by a plaid scarf wound jauntily around her neck and a plaid cap perched upon her head. A heavy white sweater is always lovely. But a special costume isn't necessary. Anything warm will do. A bit of fur, a grandmotherly muff, a pair of red mittens—put them on! Sometimes the prettiest girl on the lake is the girl who dressed in three minutes, borrowing this from her brother and that from her sister, and raced to the rink. Her snapping eyes and high color have made up, thirty times, for the lickety-split costume which she threw together.

"But what about the Mississippian?" you say. "And the Californian? And the South Carolinian?"

True. Sadly true. Many states in the South are cheated by being given a "wet season" instead of a snowy season. Southerners don't know what it means to jump in snow-banks and go sleigh riding. But they have an excellent substitute for ice-skating.

Roller-skating, of course. It may not be as adventurous and invigorating, but it is every bit as swift and joyous. There is the same bodily freedom, the same sense of flying space, the same generosity of open air. Even the techniques are similar. Both the roller-skater and the ice-skater glide forward, first on the left foot, then on the right, pointing the toes slightly out, keeping the body limber for the sake of balance, bending each knee somewhat as that particular foot goes forward (this is called "cushioning the stroke"), and taking care to narrow the angle between each stroke and the line of direction the skater is following. Does roller-skating seem an inferior sport? Try it some time and see!

There is nothing more melancholy than a girl growing old and becoming a grandmother without ever knowing how it feels to swoop forward on a pair of skates. Whether you live in Alabama or Wisconsin, strap them on! The sidewalks are waiting. The rivers, frozen into smooth glass, are inviting you.

Hiking through history sounds exciting—and it is. See next month's issue

In Grandmother's Room and Yours

(Continued from page 24)

You can transfer any pattern you desire to the burlap, and make it stand out in the finished work by using different colors of yarn for the different parts of the pattern. You can buy any transfer pattern and transfer the pattern to the burlap with a hot iron, or you can use the design from the chintz hangings of your room, or the wall paper, to obtain a matching design for your rug.

To transfer the design from wall paper or chintz, lay a piece of either on the floor, and on top of it lay the frame on which the burlap is stretched. You will be able to see the design plainly enough through the burlap to trace it with a soft pencil. When the design is all traced, go over it with India ink, so that it cannot rub off during the process of work. There is only one little trick to this transferring of the design—when you place the frame holding the burlap over the wall paper or chintz, lay the burlap flat on the floor, that is, have the frame uppermost. It seems, at first, rather awkward, but in the end you will see that it is better to have the tacks that hold the burlap to the frame underneath, for then there is no chance of the yarn catching on them if you do not drive them in clear to the head.

If you want as unusual a design as the "bunny-rabbit" on the rug illustrated, you can enlarge the picture found in a child's story book.

There are for sale in the stores burlap backgrounds for rugs with the designs already stamped on them in color.

The rugs become much more your very own, however, if you make up your own designs. The flower crests for your Girl Scout troops contain many beautiful medallion-like patterns that could be very well enlarged and used as the center design for the rug. These would be especially nice if your finished rug were oval shaped. Or they would be attractive on small, hooked table mats or cushion tops. The patterns are simple enough, so that they can be enlarged without much difficulty and they have a meaning all their own to Girl Scouts. Rugs or mats with your own flower crests would be most appropriate to use in your troop headquarters or Girl Scout cabins as well as in your own room. Four of these flower crests—one in each corner—would make an attractive design.

There is for sale an especially prepared yarn for hooking rugs. This is known as Sultana rug yarn. It is heavier than ordinary yarn, and the rug is more quickly completed if it is used. It takes about thirty small skeins of Sultana rug yarn to make a rug a yard by a yard and a half. You can use up odds and ends of yarn, left over from knitting sweaters, for table mats and seat coverings for chairs. If sweater yarn is used, you can hook with doubled loops.

The best plan is to outline all parts of the design in appropriate colors, and then fill the space within the outline with loops. When all of the design is finished, begin working around it if you want the

line of stitches to repeat the design, or work straight across it from end to end, if you want the background to be composed of orderly straight rows of stitches. The method of filling in the background depends upon the design you have used. If you use a center medallion like one of the flower crests, then it would be effective to work round and round the center medallion until the background is filled in. If you have a design like the one illustrated, work from end to end.

If you use a hooking needle like the one illustrated, making the rug becomes just one punch after another. The needle is sold complete with four tubes of different sizes, to accommodate different weights of yarn. To prepare for work, run the end of the yarn through the handle of the needle and out the end of the tube. A six inch end should be left beyond the end of the needle.

The actual work of hooking with this needle is done by laying the point at the beginning of the outline of the pattern and pushing it through so that the point extends two inches beyond the burlap. Then bring the point back through to the top, move it along the outline of the design three-eighths of an inch, and punch it through again. This leaves a loop on the underneath side of the burlap less than an inch long. Hooking the yarn into the rug is merely a repetition of punches each of which results in a loop. The finished side of the rug will be underneath.

When the hooking is finished, remove the burlap from the frame, mitre out the corners of the band of muslin around the edge, and turn the muslin under in a hem. Then, if you will give the back of the rug a coat of shellac, it will lay flat on the floor and will not wrinkle.

If you want further to protect the rug from wear, you can add a lining of any cotton or woolen material to the underside of the rug, over the shellaced back. The shellac and the lining are only necessary for rugs larger than 27 by 36 inches.

Some people like to cut the loops, so that the nap is loose. If you prefer this, cut each row of loops as you finish it, for if you wait until the rug is finished you can never pick out all of the individual loops to cut. The real old rugs in the museums do not have the loops cut.

If you make your hooked rugs of narrow strips of cloth, it is difficult to use the hooking needle, for each strip of the cloth must be threaded through the needle. If you want to use cloth, it is preferable to use a crochet needle to pull the loops through. In this case, the loops will be on top of the frame as you work, instead of underneath as they are when you use the hooking needle. If you use the crochet needle, hold the strip of cloth underneath the burlap, plunge the crochet needle through, pick up the strip and pull the loop through. It is more tedious than using the hooking needle, but is about the only way of hooking cloth through burlap.

It's easier with the extra help of Fels-Naptha to keep things clean!

Unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working hand-in-hand in Fels-Naptha give extra help in washing and cleaning you'd hardly expect from any other soap.

Learn now to use Fels-Naptha, and you'll be glad you know its extra help when you have your own little home.

The grocer has Fels-Naptha—
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The Art of Dusting

3

Every particle of dust sticks to a home-made 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth until you shake it outdoors. Not a bit is stirred into the air to settle again on furniture and drapes. Made in a jiffy out of a yard of cheese cloth sprinkled lightly with

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Roll tight and lay aside until oil permeates cloth.
To make an economical 3-in-One Dustless Polish Mop, cut off strands of ordinary twine mop about eight inches from handle and sprinkle with 3-in-One.
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CHAS. B. DIX, 2953 Van Buren St., Chicago

It isn't too late, even now, to give "The American Girl" for New Year's



No need to wish for the little extras you want, the treats, the new gloves, dresses and slippers. In The Girls' Club, wishing is having!

Good-Times-Money For Jane— And For You!

"No," said Jane, "thank you! I guess I won't go today!"

—And she marched off home leaving the group of laughing, movie-bound girls speechless with amazement.

"Perhaps she doesn't feel well," ventured Polly Wilson. *But it wasn't that!* Jolly, attractive Jane was missing the movie her teacher recommended, missing the happy afternoon she might have had, *for a reason we can all guess.*

She didn't have enough money in the purse tucked under her arm!

Do you blame her for feeling "blue as indigo?" Even a liberal allowance is apt to "fade away" with all the extra school expenses this time of year. And now, if ever, we are all wanting so many little extras—gay trips down town, movies, new gloves, dainty stockings,—things we hate to ask even the most generous father or mother to give us.

"If only I could make some money of my own," thought Jane. "If only there were some way —"

And then Jane found the way! She found it in a magazine that very afternoon, just as you can this minute!

And not long after she wrote:

"Dear Manager of The Girls' Club: I'll never miss a good time again! With the first \$5.00 I earned I bought my mother a lovely bag. And I'm going to earn \$2.00 more this very Saturday! I never dreamed there was a Club like ours, where school girls can earn money in spare time and have such fun doing it!"

Fun—of course The Club is! And any girl can belong! Hilda Dowling has bought a lovely pink dance frock, Marie Estey has her own bank account of \$28.00, Frances Kearney makes \$2.00 or \$3.00 extra every week to spend —

JUST AS YOU CAN! For we'll be glad to have you share our dollars and our happy times! Of course you pay nothing and are under no obligations. Just write me your name and address and your age. I'll be glad to tell you all about our delightful plan. Address:

Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1006 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Requesting the Honor of Your Presence"

(Continued from page 31)

with Menu One, is a devil's food spice cake which was one of the best sent in for the Cooking Contest.

In Menu Two another baked dish is suggested, using oysters. It, too, is very easy to make, and yet substantial and appetizingly hot. If the baked potatoes are opened on the top, and a spoon each of butter and grated cheese slipped in, they will be deliciously stuffed. Or the candied sweets would be equally tasty with baked oysters. Of course, the ingredients for the asparagus salad, or any salad, should be cleaned, dried, and set to chill before finally assembling. This salad looks pretty if placed on a small plate, using the asparagus tips like the spokes of a wheel and filling up the centre "hub" with a generous spoonful of canned green peas. Of course, a spoon of mayonnaise is to be added on the top, last of all. And a whole pimento-olive or a fancy section of beet will give a bright color note. A similar salad may be made of sections of orange and grapefruit laid alternately and overlapping each other, the center space to be filled with mayonnaise, garnished with a green pepper star.

Peach surprise is something like the delicious banana cake with which Isabella Waters took the first prize in our Cooking Contest. But another delightful dessert is an ice box pudding, sent in by one of the contestants from Pennsylvania.

In the Oriental Banquet, the chief dish is chop suey and rice. The suey may be made in a large deep kettle or in several deep frying pans. Even without some of the unusual Chinese vegetables, such as water chestnuts and bean sprouts, this American chop suey tastes most appetizing. It really is a savory stew of pork with equal amounts of sliced onions, celery, and mushrooms. It looks best served in small bowls or platters surrounded with rice which has been carefully boiled so that all the grains are dry and distinct.

The almond cake may be baked in a single loaf and sliced, or the mixture poured into any small fancy shapes desired. The peanut penuche used here was also submitted in the Cooking Contest.

It seems to me that if I were the mother in the case, I would rather have a Valentine Banquet given me than any other. I love red! If you look carefully at Menu Four, you will see that the soup is made of tomato, that the lobster or shrimp salad is pink. To make the salad you will need a few tin heart-shaped cookie cutters. You lay the cream cheese, and flatten it into a layer about one-half inch thick, and then cut out a perfect cheese heart. You lay this gently in the center of a dark green lettuce leaf. Then, with a sharp knife, shape green pepper into strips and then outline the heart. For the center, cut out an arrow or heart or love-bird from pimento, and put this emblem on top of the cheese.

Of course, strawberry or cherry ice cream or any cream which has a rosy blush is exactly suitable. And the famous Girl Scout cookies may be cut with the same heart cutters and differently iced, either in red and white icing.

The Patriotic Banquet has simple ingredients and dishes, but if well made and served hot, this is a pleasing and, at the same time, a very substantial meal. Whole ham baked will taste more luscious than boiled ham. Either noodles, hot and buttered, or candied sweets, with spinach, make up the chief dishes of the menu. Bread and butter sandwiches may be cut hatchet-shaped, while the mock cherry pie is made from raisins or cranberries. Or, if a more elaborate dessert is desired, it can be found in the gelatine loaf. This is made from three colors of gelatine, red, white, and lemon jelly colored with grape juice. The gelatines are poured, one layer at a time, into brick-pans to harden. When the three layers are all firm, the entire loaf may be inverted and sliced like a brick of Neapolitan cream. When served with whipped cream and garnished with tiny silk flags, this makes a very gay dish indeed.

Here are some of the actual recipes you may care to follow:

Spiced Devil's Food Cake

By EURETTA DAVIS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

- 2 cups brown sugar
- ½ cup melted butter
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ or 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon allspice
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 eggs
- 3 teaspoons cocoa
- ¼ or less teaspoon cloves
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Makes four layers.

Chop Suey and Rice

- 3 lbs. pork tenderloin or pork shoulder sliced 1/3 inch thick
- 3 cups thinly sliced onion
- ¼ lb. peeled and sliced mushroom caps
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch moistened in 3 tablespoons water
- 3 cups diced or silvered celery
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil
- Chinese Soy Sauce

Heat the oil in a deep kettle or skillet and lay in sliced meat, browning on all sides. Add sliced vegetables, mix with meat, cover, and simmer on a slow fire about 30 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Stir in moistened cornstarch to thicken. Add Soy Sauce (about 2/3 tablespoons) just before serving. Serve in small bowls with rice boiled dry and in separate grains. If in a large city, one may obtain water chestnuts and bamboo sprouts, either canned or fresh, from a specialty grocer and add these also in equal quantities to the celery and onions. (Serves 12 persons.)

(Continued on page 61)

As good as a trip around the world. That's our international number

When Girl Scouts Put Their Heads Together

(Continued from page 35)

and you have it. It's delicious, really!

But I have forgotten to tell you about Spare-Ribs. He came when we were eating, and such a forlorn-looking canine as he was! He was so thin he looked as if he were wearing his bones outside for display, and he ate as if he had found his first meal since Christmas. But after that meal he pepped up.

By this time it was dark. We built our camp-fire, and sang camp songs, Girl Scout songs, all kinds of songs. A dazzling crescent moon rose from behind the tree-tops, the stars came out and shone in the pool—oh! it was beautiful!

All too soon machines arrived to take us home, and our glorious time ended with a good-night circle around the dying embers, and the words ringing in our ears:

All is well!
Safely rest
God is nigh!

—ELEANOR KRIEG.

Out of Sea Cliff, New York

Sped a "bicycle bike" to the sea

A few months ago our troop went on a bicycle trip in place of our regular hike. All the girls who had bicycles met at our Captain's house early in the morning of the appointed day. They brought lunches and bathing suits with them. We Girl Scouts were to set out for the ride of a little more than twelve miles, and our Captain was to follow later in her car with our lunches and suits.

We started off gaily, strung out in a long line down the street. The way to our destination, Laurelton Beach, was extremely hilly, but why should we mind a little thing like that! Up and down the hills we pedalled, stopping to rest in some nice shady spot about every two miles.

We soon realized that the day promised to be very warm, and so at a little village store toward the end of our ride, we stopped for something to cool us. You can imagine how delicious a glass of cold lemonade tasted!

After a few more steep hills, some of which we had to walk up, we arrived at our destination. The beach, and especially the water, looked just right to us after our hot and dusty ride.

Before long our Captain arrived. We were into our suits in a minute, and in to the water an instant after that. The swim was most refreshing, but after it we were more than ready for lunch. And, I tell you, there was not a crumb left after we starved Girl Scouts had finished those lunches. We

had never been so hungry before! Of course we rested awhile after the long ride and swim, and then did various things until we could go swimming again.

It was with many regrets that we finally had to start for home. We were all somewhat sunburned and the sunburn grew worse and worse as we went on. Our faces were as red as beets, and our arms rivaled our faces, and oh! how they did burn. Next time we shall remember to take a tube of cold cream!

When we reached home, however, we voted the trip a complete success: it not only took us farther away in a much shorter time than a hike would, but also we did not feel as tired as after a long hike.—MILDRED CURRIER of Troop One.

So many AMERICAN GIRL campaigns!

"For instance, Chicago and Philadelphia and Knoxville, Tenn., and Pontiac, Mich., are already under way," narrated Gladima Scout one day. "How can I keep track of them all!" she exclaimed.

From Warwick West, Bermuda,

Girl Guides take an all-day sea trip

I simply must tell you about the wonderful trip that two Guide pals and I took last week, when we visited Bermuda's oldest town—St. George. Leaving Hamilton at 8:30 a.m. the boat (an Army one) called at the Army wharfs at Boaz Island, the dockyard, where cargo was discharged and passengers picked up. My friends came on board there. Then on we went to the Ducking Stool, where in olden times witches were ducked to wash away their powers!

We did lots of Guide work and played games on the journey. After about two hours we passed through the Swing Bridge and entered historic Castle Harbour, and made our way to the pier. We ate our lunch in the Somers Gardens, where is buried the heart of the heroic Sir George Somers, who perished here in 1610 in his endeavors to carry food and help to the then starving infant colony of Virginia. In these interesting gardens are lovely trees and flowers.

St. George is very quaint and old-fashioned, with narrow, twisting lanes and alleys, some of which bear very comical names, such as "Featherbed Alley." We visited many interesting

places, including the churches and the beautiful St. George hotel, which stands on a hilltop from which we had a most excellent view. Some of the houses that we passed appeared to date almost from the colonization of Bermuda.—EDITH M. LINES.



358

Domestic Science Teachers in High Schools tell

why they "prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder"—

TEACHERS of Domestic Science in the high schools overwhelmingly prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. A large group from all parts of the United States recently expressed definite opinions on this subject and 88½% of them said: "I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder."

Then 358 of these experts gave specific reasons for their choice. "Better results," they said. "More healthful"—"purer"—"no bitter taste."

These are the very reasons why particular housewives use Royal.

Royal is the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder; made with the finest cream of tartar, which is a pure fruit product from ripe grapes, imported from Europe especially for Royal.

Royal never fails you; and it leaves no bitter taste.



Made with pure Cream of Tartar.
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The Girl Scout Booth at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition which was awarded a gold medal

Read it in March and get acquainted with Girl Scouts of other lands

The Finishing Touch to the Uniform —the Neckerchief



HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, cardinal or yellow, also black, tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the trefoil seal. Only 45c.

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THE AMERICAN
GIRL OFFICE,

so that we can set things
right?

A Girl Who Loved to Cook

(Continued from page 19)

of pop-overs or *The Doll's Dream* or a dietitian's office. She looked like green hills and a long stride.

"What, exactly, are your duties here at the Pennsylvania?" said I, in an effort to be practical. Miss Gilmore was practical without the effort.

"I supervise the serving of five meals a day to twenty-three hundred employees. Since hotel guests order à la carte, there is no dietary kitchen for the main dining-room, although it is true a few resort hotels do maintain such a kitchen. I have my own kitchen, my own crew. I serve three full-sized meals a day, a nine-in-the-evening lunch, and a midnight supper for the night cleaners."

Her duties here are quite different from her duties in the hospital, in the class-room. But the basic requirement for all these positions is that the dietitian must know the scientific value of food. It is a pioneering profession with an assured future. Every year the American public grows more alive to the importance of proper diet. Healthy people must be made more healthy and sick people less sick. Therefore, for every dietitian who goes out from a school of home economics, six are in demand. Hospitals need them, schools, social centers, medical centers, cafeterias, tea rooms, hotels, "home making" magazines, and institutions which work under a budget system.

A dietitian is now regarded respectfully by the vitamin-hunting, calorie-careful public. They realize that her position is the result of long training in physiology, bacteriology and organic chemistry; that she has studied, with scientific completeness, digestion, metabolism, and excretion. Her purpose is humanitarian. Research work along nutritional lines has convinced experts that balanced rations are necessary for health and special diets are important in correcting bad bodily conditions.

The girl who, like Marion Gilmore, loves to go into the kitchen, the girl who thoroughly enjoys her domestic science courses in High School, the girl who, on house parties, is glad to be the cook will be interested to know that her natural inclination may today find opportunity and recognition in the field of dietetics.

Special training in dietetics is essential to the young woman who wishes to enter a specialized position such as those in hospitals.

"A course of two years' intensive work must be taken," says Miss Gilmore, "or a four years' college course in which dietetic training is combined with other studies, or a general college course and two years of dietetics as post-graduate study. If a girl can afford it, this last is the most desirable, to my mind. For a girl then enjoys all the advantages of college and can add to them her special training. Then, too, she is older when she enters the field of dietetics—a real asset when she wishes to take an executive position and to direct the work of others."

"Where is such training to be found?"

"In certain universities and colleges and in special schools of home economics."

I ruminated—two years of intensive dietetics—four years of college—or four years of college plus two years of dietetic training, making six years—surely a long time to invest.

"Is there no other way?" I asked.

"There is always the way," she said, "of learning by experience, longer and often more costly in the end, but possible."

"I could take you to a woman, not far from here, who has never studied in any such courses, yet who is in charge of a large restaurant. All over the country are young women who have proved clever at cooking and serving in their own homes and who have launched into the successful running of tea rooms. Helping them are books and magazines in which experts have written of their experience. And, in many parts of the country, shorter courses are offered in various schools at which such young women may study during their lighter seasons. However, sooner or later, if you wish to go on, you are forced to the realization that there is much to be learned which can be more readily acquired in courses, provided they are excellent, than through experience. Indeed, there are certain phases of scientific feeding which only the scientist is qualified to teach."

"People are only beginning to know what to eat, and so to demand more of the dietitian," went on Miss Gilmore.

The women are teaching them—trained women such as she, who have been willing to put aside their haphazard ways of cooking and to adapt themselves with remarkable ease to scientific cooking.

There are drawbacks, of course. Most dietitians have to stand constantly on their feet. Often the hours are long. There come crises when the very sight of food is hateful. But Miss Gilmore assured me that the compensations are many and pleasurable. A girl who has secured her dietetic training may enter any one of a large variety of positions, according to her taste. She is not limited in her choice. Furthermore, if she has that magic combination of tact, judgment, dignity and executive ability, she may aim for the work of executive dietitian in a hospital or in a large commercial food enterprise.

We were standing now in the pastry room, among the devil's food cake stuffed with thick marshmallow, little tea cakes, French pastry, hazel-nut wafers, and crusty peach pies. What a fabulous setting for the little girl, grown tall, who had a double dream; to play the piano and to concoct a cocoanut cake. Half the dream, at least, has come true. Did her father ever suspect, when he told Marion, laughingly, that she would have to "move the piano into the kitchen or the stove into the parlor," that she would some day, figuratively, take his advice? For Mr. Statler's kitchen is, today, her business; music is her recreation.

Lobster and ice-cream poison? "Just a minute"—says Grace Hallock

Your Mirror and You

(Continued from page 33)

guard. It quickly lets us know if any disturbance takes place. This is why we should make our sleeping places as much as possible like little peaceful cases, isolated from noises and lights. The beds should be clean and comfortable and furnished with a mattress not too soft, a pillow not too plump and stuffy, and with enough light, warm bed-clothing. If we are too cold or too hot, the brain will wake up and tell our bodies so. We should have plenty of fresh air because the body needs oxygen in its work of repairing tissues.

We consciously want to do so many things that we forget sometimes that there is a whole little world of activity going on inside us without any conscious direction on our part. And yet that automatic machinery of ours needs as much consideration as we give to the conscious direction of our hands and feet and eyes and ears, for it makes us what we are. It manufactures our blood and bones and flesh. It makes our complexions clear and rosy or sallow and rough, according to the care we give it.

One consideration that we can show this automatic machinery is to give any part of it that is working particularly hard an adequate supply of blood. Our digestive apparatus works especially hard just after we've eaten a meal. We should rest, or at least avoid violent activities, for an hour after eating so that our digestions can get a head start. If we do hard, physical exercise or bathe directly after eating, the blood rushes to the muscles or to the skin and leaves our poor stomachs in the lurch to struggle along as best they can. The result is often a poor digestion that has nothing to do with the food we eat, but is due to a lack of working facilities.

We live at such high speed nowadays that we're always tying our nerves into knots, and when nerves are in knots, permanent wrinkles are apt to appear on our brows. Do you remember how we were all warned against frowning in cold weather when we were young, because "Jack Frost may freeze your face that way, and then what'll you do?" Well, wrinkles do have a way of "staying put" if we don't iron them out with a few minutes of relaxation now and then. Relaxation isn't laziness. It's the original wrinkle smoother, just as sleep is the original beauty cream.

The space between supper and bedtime is the time to prepare our bodies for the application of sleep. Exciting activities like Girl Scout meetings and basketball games and plays should be planned for afternoons instead of evenings. Sleep should come like a benediction to a relaxed body, instead of like a wet blanket over nerves and muscles twitching with excitement and fatigue. We prepare our faces with soothing applications of warm water before rubbing in the cold cream at night, and by the same token, our bodies need to be prepared with a quiet, pleasant hour or two before bedtime to receive the beauty cream of sleep.



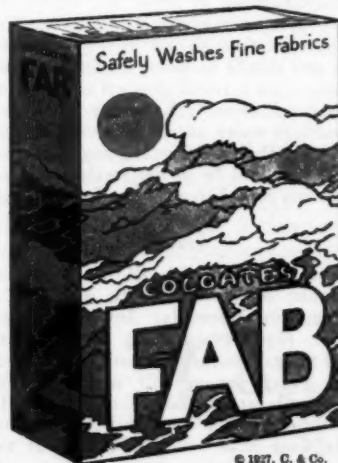
A Scout Child Nurse must know how to wash baby clothes



WHEN a Scout goes into the field of child nursing, she is assuming a big responsibility. There are many things to learn about caring for babies—what to feed them, how to keep them clean.

Washing Baby's clothes is just as important as keeping her clean. Her flannel shirts and bands, and diapers that constantly touch her tender skin, must be soft and clean. Her baby dresses of finest material can be washed only with a gentle soap!

Diapers are easily washed in Fab. For washing all Baby's garments, Fab suds are safest. Squeeze these suds through and through the tiny garments. It takes but a moment of washing. The gentle quality of Fab suds makes them excellent for washing woolens and dainty fabrics.



If you have any washing problems with which you need help, write to Janet Read, c/o Colgate & Company.

Because Fab suds rinse away quickly, because they rinse away completely—there is no soap left in clothes to irritate the baby skin.

Fab soap flakes make the washing of baby clothes hygienic, easy and safe!

A free box of Fab for every child nurse

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Madame:
Please send me a FREE box of FAB flakes.

Name.....
Address.....
City....., State.....

In a February article on popular superstitions about food combinations

How Do You Do?

(Continued from page 25)

A person is introduced to two or three of those nearest the hostess, but is never dragged around to each person in the group. In the course of an afternoon or evening, the guest will, in all likelihood, meet all the others of the group. The fact that you are all under the roof of your host or hostess suffices as an excuse to talk to each other.

Persons at card tables or partners in any game are always introduced. In every introduction the same formula is used: "Miss Perkins, Mr. Brown," and then, "How do you do?"

A guest is always introduced to the guest of honor.

Persons at a dinner or luncheon are introduced to each other, though not when the dinner or luncheon is a huge subscription affair. Then ordinary courtesy requiring you to talk to the persons nearest you, you always introduce yourself to those sitting next to you at the table.

When a number of persons are all guests together in a private house, there is no need to act as if the person next you were a pickpocket until he has been introduced to you. If it seems more pleasant for him or her to bridge the gap with a few amiable sentences, there is no reason in the world why you should not speak politely. In fact, you must. The hostess' roof is guarantee of mutual respectability.

If one of your friends is wealthy and one poor, you need not hesitate to introduce them on that account. Natural charm and ability rank higher than wealth. Wealth is a temporary thing—fortunes are lost overnight—but whether lost or kept, money is the least of all social assets. "Manners will carry you where money can't."

After you have been introduced to a person and have talked with him for a few moments, you say, when leaving, "Good-bye! I hope I shall see you again;" or, "Good-bye! I am very glad to have met you." Never say, "Pleased to have met you!" or, "Glad to have made your acquaintance!"

The other replies, "Thank you, I hope so, too," or just, "Thank you." You shake hands or not when you part, just as you shake hands or not when you meet.

Many sensitive persons have had their feelings hurt because they believed they should have been introduced to a third person when they were not. If they had realized that the correct social practice is against introducing very freely, they would have been spared some needless wounds. It is not correct—or sensible—to introduce persons who happen by some chance to be in the same room for only a moment or two, who pass each other on the steps of a house as one is leaving it and the other just entering, or to introduce a third person on the street or at a restaurant table when he has stopped simply for the merest word of greeting.

If a boy wishes to be introduced to a

girl, he seeks out a mutual friend and asks to be presented to the girl. The girl is at liberty to refuse to be introduced, if she so desires. No boy should think of introducing another boy to a girl unless he knows the boy is in good standing.



Do You Draw?

Do you know if you can—that's the question! Why not try and see? Maybe you're already an expert, a rare artist. Maybe you have an undiscovered talent. But every girl has two keen eyes and imagination—if she uses them. And those are really the first and last requirements. So sharpen your pencils or clean your brushes and enter the AMERICAN GIRL drawing contest.

Conditions of the Contest

- (1) You may choose any out-of-door subject: a group of pine trees, a spray of flowers or wild, feathery grasses, several girls on a hike, your Girl Scout cabin, dogs, horses, birds
- (2) You may use pencil, pen, wash, or crayon, so long as your drawing is in black and white. You may make your sketch any size.
- (3) You may plan the sketch as a heading for the Beholder if you wish.
- (4) Put your name, age, troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) and address on the back of your drawing.
- (5) This contest closes February 15, 1927.

Prizes

First prize for the best drawing will be a pair of "Army and Navy" field glasses. To every girl whose drawing appears on the Beholder page, will be awarded a book.

A hint, by the way

Stories for the Beholder illustrated by drawings are especially attractive!

Introductions by letter are sometimes made by a mutual friend. Social letters of introduction should never be asked for, and should be given sparingly. Nowadays, when a friend goes off to school or to another town, it is usually considered enough to write ahead to another friend and say, "Polly Perkins is going to Greatmoor and will be in the freshman class. Will you look her up? She is," etc., etc.

Calls

Formal calls, with all the attendant formulae of leaving cards, are not as common in present-day America as they were. However, as long as there are such things as sickness, death, and friendship, every person will wish to make brief calls at the homes of others. In case of a death in the family of a friend, it is more than rude not to call at the home immediately.

Dinner calls are still paid. A boy or

girl who has been entertained at a party or at a dinner, or who has been invited to a dinner, calls upon the hostess within a week after the event.

A girl wears a suit or a street dress, hat, and gloves when she calls. She does not take off coat, gloves, or hat. A boy wears a business suit, and removes hat, overcoat, and gloves (if any) before entering the parlor or living room.

A call should last a little less than half an hour. When the guest gets up to go, his departure should be immediate and not a lingering agony. No host or hostess should try to hold a guest against his will or urge him to stay longer when he starts to leave.

The first time a person goes to call upon another, he or she leaves a card—provided he or she has an engraved personal card.

If a servant answers the door, the card is laid on a tray which she may be carrying, or presented to her. If there is no maid, then the caller leaves her card on a tray or table near the door as she goes out.

After the first call, a card is not left unless the person you are calling upon happens to be out.

The name in full, not initials, is engraved on the card. Girls have "Miss" on their cards, and do not use nicknames.

No one needs to be terrorized over making a call. One simply talks on any subject which seems of mutual interest. Personal remarks and gossip of any kind are, of course, out of place. Sit easily back in your chair. There is no real reason for tension and nervousness. Talk along naturally and easily. If you are actually uncomfortable or unhappy, leave. Never look at your watch. Never ask for a drink of water or say, "May I use your telephone just for a moment?"

It is a girl's place to invite a boy to call. A boy, however, ought to give some suggestion of wanting to see the girl again. He may not ask to call, however, and he may not call without an invitation to do so from the girl. Once he has been invited, a boy may call on a girl as often as she is not bored with him.

No boy, when calling, must remain after ten o'clock. Though the members of the family no longer take turns sitting in the parlor, focusing all eyes on the boy, still no boy and girl are left entirely alone in the house. If no one else in the family is at home, the girl must postpone the call. No boy must arrive and leave the house, à la the electric-meter man, without greeting and talking with some other member of the family.

These interesting suggestions are taken from the new book, *Etiquette, Jr.*, by Mary E. Clark and Margery Closey Quigley, and are used here by special permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Company. *Etiquette, Jr.*, is recommended for every troop library.

YOU may be a lucky prize winner in another new contest to be announced next month

The Luck of Wymberly

(Continued from page 11)

PART II

The words sent a chill of the coldest fear she had ever known to Roberta's very finger-tips. All unconscious of the situation, the others were chattering and laughing among themselves. Only she was alive to the uncanny portent of the moment. She saw Carol accompany her father into his study and shut the door behind them. Then she tried to re-enter the gay give-and-take of the group around the hearth fire, but her effort was not a notable success.

"Gee! I hope Carol's gone out to see about the eats," presently exclaimed Jim, who was constitutionally in a state of ravenous hunger. "It's nearly twelve o'clock and I'm starving!" There was a general laugh as, at that very moment, Caesar entered with a tray of sandwiches and fruit-punch. Jim settled back in his chair with a huge sigh of content. A few moments later, Carol entered from the hall, helped herself to a sandwich and a glass of punch with a nonchalant air that belied her white and frightened face, directed Caesar to put another log in the fireplace, and managed to whisper unobserved to Roberta, "Slip away out to the hall as soon as you can without any fuss. I want you to help me. Something awfully strange is happening."

On the pretext of seeing about more sandwiches, Carol rambled out. Two minutes later, Roberta herself managed to slip away from the group unobserved. She found Carol in the hall, standing by the door of her father's study which opened into it, her hand already on the knob. Her expression was a study in bewilderment and fear.

"What is it?" gasped Roberta. "Is there any trouble, Carol? How can I help?"

"I want you to go in there with me, Bobs," muttered Carol. "Something's wrong, somehow, and I can't just tell what to do. Dad's acting awfully queer. I'm afraid to be there alone. We may need help."

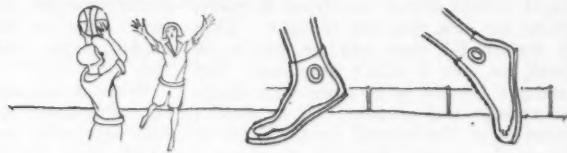
"But—but oughtn't you have your cousins in?" stammered Roberta. "Or Caesar—maybe?"

"Caesar won't do," declared Carol positively. "He's all excited and worked up over that ghost-walk business anyhow. He could hardly hold the tray steady tonight he's so up in the air. And Jim's too young and scatter-brained and Douglas is delicate and has a weak heart and his mother never wants him bothered or upset. If only the doctor were here! But I reckon he was delayed tonight and couldn't come. No, there's no one but you. You're not afraid, are you?"

"N-not a bit!" stuttered Roberta, trying to look the part and holding Carol back one more moment before she opened the door. "Just—just tell me before you go in what the matter is, won't you?"

"Why, it's this way," replied Carol,
(Continued on page 48)

For feet that hike, climb mountains, skate, and play basket-ball



Scout work requires active feet. So Girl Scouts are interested in shoes that keep their feet fit. Many girls have found that they cannot keep their feet sound and healthy unless they let them exercise.

In the flexible Cantilever Shoe, your feet can exercise naturally and obtain the strength needed for athletics and Scout work.

The Cantilever Shoe is flexible from toe to heel just like the foot. The foot muscles keep their strength through exercise in this shoe because it does not restrict the action of the foot. The strength of your arches is dependent upon the strength of your foot muscles,

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You will like Cantilever Shoes. They are good-looking, long wearing shoes that are made especially for active American school girls. These shoes fit nicely, because they are shaped like the natural foot. And they are wonderful for walking. Your feet feel free in them.

If you do not find the name of a Cantilever store in your phone book, write the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will be glad to send you the address of a conveniently located store.



Cantilever Shoe

Wonderful for Walking



Margery Currey will tell in February about "Pictures Girls Love to Own"

The Luck of Wymberly

(Continued from page 47)

trying to keep her voice steady. "I went in with Dad when he answered the 'phone. He didn't want me to hear much, I think, for he said, 'No, no!' when I suggested going in with him. But he seemed so upset over that ghost-walk business that he wasn't really paying much attention to what I did. He had asked me what that sound was and I said I didn't know and then he said he'd heard the same thing exactly a year ago tonight. Anyhow, he started to answer the 'phone when we got in and I stood over by one of the windows, not listening to him but trying to see what I could make of that continual *step . . . step . . .* All of a sudden I caught something he was saying and after that I couldn't listen to anything else. First I kept hearing him repeat, 'I don't understand—I don't understand!' over and over. Then all of a sudden he almost shouted into the 'phone, 'what did you say? Dead? Dead?' And next minute he had dropped the receiver and slumped down in his chair, just sitting there, staring at nothing and muttering, 'Dead—dead,' over and over.

"Of course I was scared to pieces and tried to get him to tell me who his call was from and who was dead, but he simply wouldn't notice me at all. His mind seemed sort of paralyzed to everything but just that one thought. Then I decided I'd come and get you to be with me, for I didn't dare leave him and yet I hated to be alone with things so strange and uncanny. If he doesn't seem more like himself soon, I'll try to locate the doctor. But let's go in now."

She opened the door as she spoke and dragged the shuddering Roberta in, closing the door after her. Simultaneously they both looked toward the desk in the center of the room where Carol had left Mr. Barstow sitting. Then they clutched each other in fresh dismay. The room was absolutely empty!

With unspoken unanimity they both moved over to the long French windows that gave on the rear of the house. One of the windows was wide open. "This wasn't so when I went out," muttered Carol in a whisper. They both poked their heads out and listened intently.

Outside of the windows ran a narrow balcony. It was not more than six feet from the ground but was without steps to give it access to the ground level. "He isn't out here," announced Carol as they themselves emerged on the balcony. "There's no other place he could be. What's the answer?"

Shivering Roberta had none to supply and they stood together a moment, trembling hands locked in each other's, listening and peering in-

to the dark. The moon had gone behind a heavy bank of clouds. The velvet blackness was almost impenetrable. Off to the right was the dark vista of rustling double palmettoes bordering the flagstone walk to the well. They could hear the soft clash and a patter of their leaves rustling in the night breeze. But beside that they could also hear the unmistakable *step . . . step . . . step . . .* on the stones. "Carol, I can't stand this!" suddenly gasped Roberta. "It's too weird—too awful!"

"I'm going to do something—right away!" declared Carol. "You can follow me or not, as you please. Dad got out this way and hopped off the balcony. That's sure as sure. It's the only way he *could* have gone—and it's an easy jump. I've just got to hunt him up. He might fall into the well or something himself—you can't tell. Here goes!"

She swung the other leg across the railing and leaped lightly to the lawn beneath. Roberta, in an agony of indecision, watched her descent and her sudden engulfing in the velvet blackness beyond. Should she follow her into the shuddering mysteries of the dark—or let her go, deserted in this hour of real need by the only friend on whom she had relied? There could be only one answer.

"Wait—wait!" Roberta called frantically into the darkness. "I'm coming too!" And she slipped over the railing, landing with a thud almost at Carol's feet.

Without exchanging a single syllable, but with knees shaking under them as with ague, they tottered down the walk, which, now that they had reached it, seemed empty of any presence save their own. As their eyes became used to the darkness, they found they could distinguish objects with a fair amount of accuracy and knew that thus far there was not a sign of Mr. Barstow.

"Oh, *can* he have fallen into the well?" moaned Carol as they approached the curb and still there was no vestige of her father.

"What's that dark thing—over there—a bush?" gasped Roberta, pointing to the low bulk of something not far from the curb of the well. Carol never replied. Instead she shrieked, "Dad—

Dad!" and hurled herself upon the dark mass, certain that her father had been foully done to death by some ghostly assailant. To the utmost astonishment of both girls, a feeble voice commanded, "Hush! Stop that screaming and help me, please. I—I feel a little faint."

With a tiny gasp of relief, Carol knelt and raised her father's head, smoothing his hair back with gentle fingers.

"Whatever is it, Dad? Why are you out here? What can we do for you?"

"Several things," he replied weakly.

When they had ushered him in at the front door, admitted by the goggling-eyed and still badly frightened Caesar, and had helped him to the couch in his study and revived him with a stimulant, he smiled on the two girls reassuringly, bidding them sit beside him in two low chairs.

"It's time I explained all this, Carol, I reckon," he began, "and as Roberta here has taken so prominent a part in the latter half of the drama, she may listen, too, if she cares about it. But first I imagine you'd like to look at this—" He laid something in Carol's lap. With a squeal of astonishment and delight, she recognized—the "Luck of Wymberly"—in its accustomed teakwood box! Ignoring the incoherent expressions of wonder and amazement, he continued, "The ghost walked tonight to some purpose. Will you oblige me by going to the door and calling in Jim? I would like to interview him a moment."

More bewildered than ever by these apparently irrelevant remarks, Carol opened the door into the living-room and called to Jim to come into the study.

Jim entered rather sheepishly.

Mr. Barstow regarded him quizzically, and finally spoke, "Had a good time tonight, didn't you?"

Jim turned a very visible scarlet. "Maybe you'd better explain it," suggested Mr. Barstow gently, "just to avoid misunderstanding all around." Whereupon Jim's armor of bravado broke down, quite completely.

"If you—if you mean the—the ghost-walk, sir," he stammered, "I reckon I'm the guilty party. But I didn't—it was to play a joke on old Juba and Caesar and watch 'em have fits about 'the hant.'"

I took Carol's metro-nome off the piano late this afternoon, put the little weight way up to the top so's it'd tick slowly, and put it out in the bushes not far from the well. Every once in a while it'd run down and I'd have to sneak out without being seen and wind it up. And it sure did have those two, Juba and Caesar, pretty nearly frantic. None of the others heard it, I thought, except Roberta. Did it bother you, sir? I'm awfully sorry!"

(Continued on page 66)



The Difference

A clever lawyer, addressing a class of aspirants for legal honors, sought to impress them with the necessity of carefully weighing the exact meaning of words or phrases used by a witness.

"For example," he said, "suppose I told you that three frogs were sitting together on a log, and one decided to jump off. How many frogs do you think would be left on the log?"

"Two!" cried the class.

"Wrong!" corrected the lawyer. "The frog I mentioned only decided to jump off. He didn't jump."

Sent by FRANCES DAGGETT,
Clemson College, S. C.

A good resolution—start Constance Lindsay Skinner's new serial in February

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Mary Christina kept everybody in a turmoil with her ideas and stories until she was induced to write them as an outlet for her energy. Her letters in this book to the mother she had imagined from babyhood, and what happened when the austere and elderly Miss Marlow, director of the orphanage, found them, make the story.

Illustrated. \$1.75.

ELINOR
WHITNEY

(Editor)

The Jester's Purse

AND OTHER PLAYS

The five best of the plays which were submitted for the prize offered by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston for a good original play for young folks of from eight to fourteen. They include a play of the time of "Bluff King Hal," an Indian play, Indian pageant, a Robin Hood play, and a birthday play. Stage directions and suggestions for costuming, scenery, and music are given throughout.

Illustrated. \$1.50.

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at last in book form.

An exciting story about a lonely island in Lake Michigan, a stolen mailbag, and two girls who went to visit the lighthouse keeper for a happy holiday only to find themselves immediately arrested and involved in one of the Lake's old mysteries. \$1.50.

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Books

Of Kings and Poets and Pioneers and School Girls

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature



CENTURIES ago there lived in Persia a poet known as Firdusi, who sang so inspiringly of the great kings who had reigned when Persia was at its most glorious period that he attracted the attention of the Shah then reigning. This monarch decided that as Persia, already a very old country, had fallen far from its days of splendor and was so forgetting its glorious past that the flame of patriotism was burning low, it would be a good thing to call Firdusi to court and commission him, for a good round sum, to write the exploits of these magnificent, half-legendary rulers in a series of poetic histories. It was an important and difficult task, indeed seven famous poets had already failed at it, but when this young man from a country village stood before the Sultan and improvised, the ruler cried in amazement that he had made the court as resplendent as Paradise, and as the word for Paradise is Firdus in that language, the poet at once changed his village name of Marsur to Firdusi. While in this state of excitement, the Sultan fixed the rate of payment at a thousand pieces of gold for each thousand couplets, and Firdusi, determined that his work should be so marvelous that the monarch should think he was getting a bargain, kept at work for thirty-three years and produced sixty thousand priceless couplets.

But you know what happened to the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Poor Firdusi, when he opened the sack in which had been delivered to him the coins in payment for his long labor, found that, instead of gold pieces, they were silver pennies. These he at once gave as tips to the porters that had brought the bag, and rightly thinking that after such a gesture he had better travel, started at once for another court. But the monarch, far from being shamed by Firdusi's action or by the scorching letter in which he explained it, pursued him from country to country with relentless spite, until at last, Firdusi, an old man, found refuge in his native village where his old friends braved the Sultan's wrath and honored and protected him. Meanwhile all the

kings from whose courts the Sultan had routed him united in a plea for his life, and the ruler, at last ashamed of his mean action, decided to make amends. You might know a man like that would take it out on somebody else, so the first thing he did was to kill the vizier who, he said, had put him up to it. Then he caused a caravan to be laden with all the gold he owed the poet and sent it, with a full pardon, to him at the faithful village. But as it entered by one gate a funeral procession passed out by the other. Firdusi, worn, old and heart-broken, had heard a little child singing in the street one of his great songs of kings, and a rush of memories and emotions had been too much for him; he had fallen dead upon the stones. So they used the money to put banks around the river that ran beside the village, so it should not be in danger from floods—a project to which the poet had promised to give his money as soon as it was paid—and I hope the Shah went to look at those banks once in a while and that it did him good, but I think it did not because he was not that kind of person.

I have told this story at all this length because one of the handsomest books of the year for young people is *The Epic of Kings* (Macmillan), stories retold by Helen Zimmern from these very poems of Firdusi, which had been world-famous for centuries as the *Shah Nameh* or *Book of Kings*. They are as brilliant and fascinating as the Arabian Nights. The pictures, by Wilfred Jones, represent the heroes at the time when they ruled in ancient Persia, dressed as they are in the famous sculptures at Susa and Persepolis, and with the vivid colors in which the walls of these palaces were decorated.

Coming to the present time in one great jump, your own story, *Waul and Dyke, Inc.*, by Ethel Cook Eliot (Doubleday), is out now in book form and going just as well as it did in the shape in which a good part of it appeared in this paper. Reading it all at once like this, it is even more rousing than when taken a little at a time. Another heroine of

Stefansson, Arctic explorer, tells the story of a real Eskimo girl in *March*

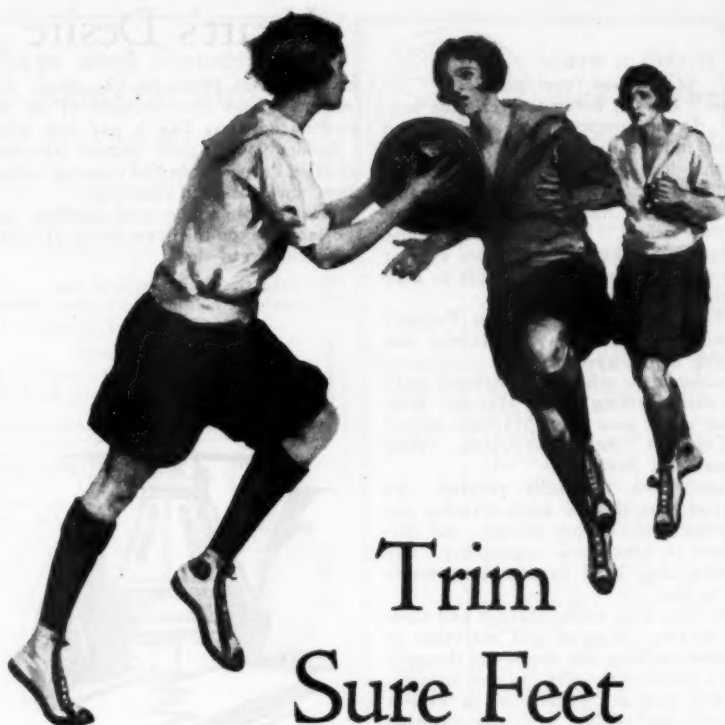
yours is *Becky Landers* (Macmillan), whose adventures on the frontier as told by Constance Lindsay Skinner make a thrilling book. It made me realize, with a shiver, that it was not so very long ago, as history counts time, since the days when a girl in this country had to have all this woodcraft and wilderness knowledge that you use just in being a better Girl Scout, to keep alive and unscalped!

Suppose you are interested in somewhat quieter stories, about boarding schools, for instance. I always liked those, and I like them now. *John*, by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead), is not about a boy as you might imagine, but about a frisky and somewhat pigheaded girl who preferred that name to a more feminine one. The adventures of John and her sister and her friends, titled and otherwise, are never dull.

Let's turn for a while to what librarians call "non-fiction." Here is a large book that will keep a family busy for months, called *How Insects Live*, by Walter Housley Wellhouse (Macmillan). It is said on the cover to be "an elementary entomology," but the family will probably call it "the bug book." Do you know the truth about the seventeen-year locust, about which so many things are told that are not true? It's here, and here are descriptions of how dragon-flies, beetles and grasshoppers, cutworms and mosquitoes and other small but energetic creatures carry on their lives. I looked up fleas especially, because I have just seen a flea-circus, but the author doesn't seem to have much of an opinion of fleas. *Children of the Tides*, by Daniel Henderson (Appleton), is for anyone, but especially for young people living near the ocean. The strange creatures washed up by the tides or caught in nets or by lines, the seaweeds and seashells, figure in this pleasant companion for vacation.

There is another volume of brief biographies of *Modern Great Americans*, by Frederick H. Law (Century), that would be good for a school library. The first is Alexander Graham Bell and the book ends with the Wright Brothers, but there are artists, statesmen, and writers as well as inventors. *The Adventure of Man*, by F. C. Happold (Harcourt), is a connected story of the life of the world from the time when dinosaurs roamed its surface until these days when tanks roll along at much the same rate of progress—the book goes from one monster to another. Another book that covers a long, long time is *Horses Now and Long Ago*, by Lucy Sprague Mitchell (Harcourt). These are stories of individual horses, whether drawing trucks, pulling the plow, or taking kings into tournaments, and the tales go back and back through history till at last you go back of history altogether and reach the horse's three-toed ancestor, the Eohippus.

I have just found out that a good many librarians are keeping an eye on this page for suggestions on the choice of books from among the new publications. I have written these notes for you girls, readers of books, but of course I am glad if older people read them too, and there is plenty in this month's installment to interest a high school librarian.



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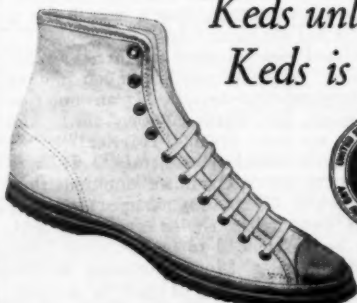
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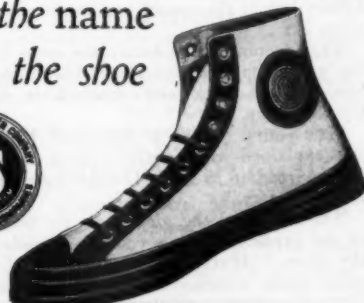
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"The American Girl" book page keeps you in touch with new stories

Heart's Desire

(Continued from page 22)

picnic. Harriet became a veritable hoyden. In the magic of the old-fashioned house and the sweet air of the garden Cynthia lost her shyness. Miss Pepper was as gay as any girl set for a holiday.

But none of the delights of Wiltshire touched Aileen. She dubbed the house a "hole." She kept to her room a great deal and invented little demands to keep Bettine with her.

"The jewel box is in Miss Pepper's room," she whispered to Harriet one evening in the garden.

Suddenly the whole thing seemed more silly than anything else to Harriet. Why bother about poor Aunt Marcia's secret?

"Come on," she begged Aileen. "Why bother with Bettine?"

But Aileen scornfully resisted. So Harriet was thrown upon Cynthia for company and, to her delight, she discovered an unexpected congeniality. For Cynthia, too, liked to take long walks and to run.

On their long walks Harriet and Cynthia talked. Harriet still marveled at Cynthia's talking. She would say things in such a pretty way—the day, for instance, she had said the garden, in its variety of color, looked like a piece-work quilt of her mother's. Ever since, Harriet, too, had been seeing the lovely old garden as a pattern of colored pieces.

Cynthia told of her home life, her home people. Cynthia's mother wanted her to study nursing when she finished high school and Cynthia wanted to go to college. But her father did not think he could manage it.

"I'll wait on table or take care of babies or do *anything* to go," Cynthia cried with a tone of challenge in her voice. "Only I can't make them believe it! I can't make them understand how I'll never, *never* be happy unless I go!"

She told Harriet that she wanted to be a poet, some day. Already she had written verse. One about thistledown had won a prize in the school paper.

One day as they walked through the village they stopped at a little gift shop where there was a table of books. Cynthia pounced upon a thin volume of verses. She turned the pages eagerly, read some lines here and there.

Cynthia put it down with a little sigh. "I wish I hadn't sent mother all my money," she said regretfully. "I'd buy this book. It's just been published."

At once Harriet determined to get the book for Cynthia. She still had five dollars left of the money her mother had given her.

That evening after dinner she went to the gift shop and purchased the book. She took it back and dropped it in Cynthia's lap.

"It's yours. I got it for you," Harriet explained awkwardly. "I—I want you to read it to me. I want to learn to like poetry."

The next day the girls took the book to the garden. It was cool there under the trees. Harriet lay prone on the grass while Cynthia read. She had not

known poetry could be like that! Or perhaps it was the sweetness of the old garden that was like a gay bed quilt.

Suddenly both girls became conscious of Miss Pepper. She had come up behind them and had been listening.

"Don't stop," she said smiling, and she sat down on the grass beside Harriet. Cynthia read on:

"To build the trout a crystal stair,
To comb the hillside's thick green hair—"



but Harriet did not listen for wishing Miss Pepper were Aunt Marcia hearing Cynthia read, knowing how much Cynthia liked poetry. She wished it so hard that she said aloud, "I wish Aunt Marcia were here."

Cynthia and Miss Pepper both looked at Harriet. Cynthia shut the book.

"Oh—it's so nice." But Harriet was too honest to stop with that. "No, I was wishing she could hear Cynthia read. Why, Miss Pepper, Aunt Marcia ought to know how Cynthia loves poetry—that she's going to write it herself some day. She's written some already for the school paper. Aunt Marcia ought to know that Cynthia wants to go to college, only her father thinks he can't—"

"Harriet!" protested Cynthia, scarlet-cheeked.

Miss Pepper held up her hand. "Let Harriet talk. I think Aunt Marcia does want to know—shall we call it your heart's desire?"

Cynthia's eyes implored Harriet to silence but Harriet ignored them. She told of the verse that had won the prize. "Cynthia's mother wants her to be a nurse but she musn't be."

Miss Pepper laughed at Harriet's vehemence. "Cynthia must make her mother understand that herself. If an ambition is good, it's worth fighting for. And what are your dreams, Harriet?"

Harriet bushed violently. It was easier to tell of Cynthia's ambitions than her own. But she managed it. She told how, when she was a little girl, she had pretended to be the wind. She told of Miss Monte's coming to the school and of the joy of studying dancing.

Miss Pepper did not speak for so long that Harriet looked at her, quickly, afraid that she was laughing.

"Oh, youth!" she said softly. "It is so brave. Its visions are the most precious treasures of this hard old world! Even if your dreams never come to pass the world is better for your dreaming, children." She hesitated, then spoke more slowly. "Your Aunt Marcia will want to know you have such splendid ambitions."

Miss Pepper rose to her feet. She stood over the girls. "Guard the treasure of your heart, my dears. Keep it flung high. There are unlovely things in life that may coarsen the fine stuff of it—" She turned and walked quickly to the house.

Harriet looked after her straight figure. Mother had told her to guard her heart's desires, now Miss Pepper warned her.

"What did she mean?" she finally whispered to Cynthia.

"I think she means to keep our dreams fine and clean, like spring water running over white pebbles," answered Cynthia.

At luncheon Miss Pepper suggested that they all drive down to the Sound during the afternoon and explore the ruins of an old lighthouse there. "Bettine will pack a tea basket and go with us. We can stay and watch the sunset."

Aileen did not think she wanted to go. She said her head ached. Harriet, looking concernedly at her, saw that she really was pale.

"Oh, do come, Aileen."

Aileen still shook her head, but she gave Harriet a significant little sign. She followed Harriet to her room, closed the door behind her.

"I guess *you* wouldn't go climbing over a lot of blistering rocks if you had the key to the box of crown jewels right in your pocket! I slipped it off Bettine's ring when she wasn't looking."

CHAPTER IX

A Midnight Escapade

They spent the afternoon climbing over the rocks at Gull Cove. In a shelter once used by the Coast Guard, but now deserted, the girls donned bathing suits and swam in the cool water. On a sheltered strip of white sand Miss Pepper and Bettine spread the contents of the tea basket and they all ate ravenously.

But during every moment of the fleeting hours Harriet was wishing Aileen were with them. For a new worry gnawed at her happiness. She had hated going away and leaving Aileen with that key in her pocket.

As they drove up to the quiet house her immediate thought was of Aileen. What had Aileen been doing, left to herself? The windows of her room were dark. She must have gone to bed.

Miss Pepper kissed Cynthia and Harriet goodnight. She had not done that since Harriet's first night at Aunt Marcia's and Harriet hugged her for it.

Midge is on her way to you again. She will arrive in February

Suddenly her door opened and a shadow crossed her room. "Harriet," it whispered. Aileen stood by her bed, shivering.

Harriet sat bolt upright. "What's the matter?" Aileen's hands found and clung to her arm.

"Something terrible has happened." The girl's teeth chattered over the words. "The jewels?" Harriet asked hoarsely.

"I couldn't help it. I—I was just trying them on—"

"You mean the crown jewels were really there—and you put them on?" Harriet gasped.

"Yes. I put on my dress and the necklace of emeralds and diamonds." Aileen felt Harriet shrink from her. "There was no harm in it! They looked lovely." Even in her present state of fright Aileen could enjoy the memory of how lovely they had looked. "I was standing at the bureau and I took the necklace off and was just holding it in my hands when the thing slipped and—"

"And what?" demanded Harriet, almost too frightened to ask.

"It slipped off the bureau down to the floor and—and—through the register! I—I guess it in the furnace now!"

Harriet turned cold with horror. She shook off Aileen's gripping hands.

"Saunders will find it—" she began practically.

"Saunders!" Aileen almost screamed.

"Why, yes! You'll have to tell Miss Pepper, won't you?"

"Tell her? I won't!" Aileen whispered, sharply. "You've got to help me get that box back into Aunt Marcia's room where it was. Let them think burglars stole it or Bettine or—or anyone—"

Harriet started back as though something had struck at her.

"You'll help me, won't you, Harriet?" pleaded Aileen.

Aileen had stopped crying. "We can go down and look for the old thing tomorrow," she argued. "But I want to get the box back now, before Bettine misses it."

Harriet jumped out of bed. "Come on, then," she said ungraciously.

"You go first and open the door of Aunt Marcia's room," Aileen directed in a whisper. One might have thought she was helping Harriet out of an escapade. Harriet obeyed. She carefully turned the knob of the door and opened it slowly back. Then she stood guard in the doorway while Aileen quickly restored the box to its place among Aunt Marcia's belongings.

Harriet heard a dull metallic sound. "What's that?" she whispered.

"Nothing," answered Aileen shortly.

They flew back down the hall to Harriet's room. They barely had reached it when they heard Miss Pepper's door open. "Who's there?" they heard her ask. Then Miss Pepper knocked on Cynthia's door. Harriet and Aileen heard her ask Cynthia if she had been out in the hall. "I thought I heard someone moving," Miss Pepper told Cynthia she must turn out her light and go to sleep at once.

(Continued on next page)

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MARTHA RICH BOWEN

In another Oakdale Seminary story with plenty of dash and thrills

Heart's Desire

(Continued from page 53)

Aileen crawled into Harriet's bed. She snuggled against Harriet, whispering that she was a "peach," but Harriet did not seem to hear her. Presently she confided to Harriet that the noise Harriet had heard was the key dropping to the floor. "I left it there. I guess now they'll talk about the jewels!"

After a little Harriet realized that Aileen had gone to sleep. How could she sleep like that? Harriet drew away from the girl. She could not sleep. She did not think she ever would sleep again.

Suddenly from her jumble of thoughts sprang one apprehension sharper than its fellows. Miss Pepper knew *Cynthia was awake*. She might think Cynthia had done this thing! Harriet raised on her elbow and shook Aileen.

"Aileen! Aileen! Wake up! Listen! Miss Pepper will think Cynthia went into Aunt Marcia's room—*Listen, Aileen. You must tell Miss Pepper, tomorrow—*"

Aileen shook off her hand. She jerked down under the coverings.

"I won't do anything of the sort!"

CHAPTER X

Harriet Makes a Decision

Though Harriet had not expected to sleep at all, her eyelids at last had closed over her troubled thoughts. But they were with her again on waking.

She felt for Aileen beside her. She was not there. Harriet jumped out of bed and began to dress quickly. What was Aileen doing? As soon as she could she ran to her room.

There Aileen, who was fully dressed, greeted her with her old lightness.

"I got up and went down to the cellar," she explained. "Harriet, that old furnace is chuck full of ashes." Aileen said it with little concern.

For the first time Aileen joined the others at breakfast in the garden. She ate heartily. But Harriet could not swallow a mouthful.

"Too much picnic yesterday, my dear?" Miss Pepper asked her with her quick, warm smile. And Harriet could not even meet her solicitous look.

At noon a telegram came from Aunt Marcia announcing that she would arrive on the late afternoon train. Miss Pepper read it to them and then went away to find Jones. Harriet flashed a beseeching look at Aileen which Aileen answered by the merest lift of her shoulders.

It must all come out very soon. Alone with her, Harriet argued this with Aileen but she could not move her to confession.

"Why, you act as though we'd done something terrible! It will all blow over."

But Harriet still carried the sharper fear that had assailed her in the night. Miss Pepper could, with reason, suspect Cynthia of taking the necklace out of the box. She knew Cynthia was awake at the time she thought she heard something moving in the hall. That Cynthia even for a moment should be under suspicion

seemed most unfair to honest Harriet.

A little concerned over Harriet's quietness, Miss Pepper suggested that they spend the afternoon in the garden. Cynthia brought paper and pencils and sat with her back against a tree and her pad balanced on her knees. Harriet sat hunched in a miserable little heap. She looked at Miss Pepper where she



sat embroidering. Miss Pepper was drawing her needle slowly in and out, a little clumsily, as though she were not familiar with the work. On her bent face was that illumination of spirit that Harriet loved.

Miserably Harriet recalled how close she had felt to Miss Pepper only yesterday, here in the garden.

When presently a door banged inside the house she jumped. She heard excited voices, Saunders', perhaps. That high shrill one must be Bettine's. She had found the key! The book fell to the ground from her nerveless fingers.

Suddenly Bettine ran from the house, a distracted object of alarm. She was wringing her hands together, her lips were shaping words that her paralyzed throat could not sound.

"Bettine!" cried Miss Pepper, frightened at the woman's face. She sprang up and put her arm around her. "Bettine! What has happened?"

Bettine could only open and close her lips. Then she gasped. "The jewels!" "What about them?" Miss Pepper snapped the words.

Bettine managed her story with difficulty. She had gone into the room to air it for her lady's coming—(she stumbled over the words)—and there on the floor lay the key. She had looked, then. The box was in its place but the necklace was gone!

Harriet sat, numb with terror, as Bettine stammered out the story. Then she saw Miss Pepper turn to Cynthia.

Oh, where was Aileen? Miss Pepper must *not* think Cynthia had done this.

"Miss Pepper!" Harriet cried in a shrill voice. She must say *something* so that Miss Pepper would not accuse Cynthia. She must speak for Aileen. But she could not tell the truth; that would be preaching.

"Miss Pepper. It wasn't burglars. The—*the necklace slipped—it went down the register. It's—it's in the furnace, I guess. I—I was just trying it on—*"

Then she covered her face.

As though from a great way off she heard Miss Pepper say, "*You! Why, Harriet!*" in a hurt, shocked voice.

What Has Happened Before in This Story

The square white envelope that arrived at Rose Ranch in California one morning meant excitement and adventure for Harriet. For it contained a letter from her father's half-sister, Marcia Wayne-Cavendish, inviting her niece to visit her in New York. The prospect of a trip to New York to see the mysterious Aunt Marcia, who had had a dazzling career abroad as an opera singer, was made doubly alluring as Harriet was ambitious to become a dancer.

Her first disappointment came when she reached Aunt Marcia's house. Her dinner, served in her room, was a lonely one, indeed, the only friendly words she heard spoken that night were from Miss Pepper, who said she was Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish's secretary, and who told her about two other nieces of Aunt Marcia, Aileen and Cynthia, who were to visit the house at the same time as Harriet.

Next morning Aunt Marcia received her three nieces formally—even icily. The gray-haired, stiff woman was not at all the gracious lady of Harriet's fancy. But her interest quickened when she overheard Miss Pepper say to Mrs. Wayne-Cavendish, "You must watch yourself when you are with them. The secret lies in your hands."

Aileen, her imagination stirred by the story of a prince who was so in love with Aunt Marcia that he presented her with the crown jewels, assured Harriet that she intended to discover more about their aunt's mystery from Bettine.

With Aunt Marcia and Miss Pepper away for a few days, Harriet visited the studio of Mlle. Chaumont. Returning home with the famous teacher's words ringing joyously in her ears—"Some day you will dance!"—Harriet found Aileen all agog over the discovery that the crown jewels were kept in a box in Aunt Marcia's room.

Will Aileen confess? What will happen to Harriet? Next month's concluding installment will answer. It will also reveal a well guarded secret of Aileen's and a startling fact about Aunt Marcia which lights the whole mystery.

"Make sweaters while the snow falls and be ready for Spring!"

And Her Name Is on the Cover

(Continued from page 29)

troop meeting, she found all the other girls excited about starting their own bank accounts. Those who did have allowances were telling of the amount they were going to put aside. Those who didn't have any allowance were planning how they could earn money for themselves. Tending babies, washing dishes, darning—it's surprising the number of ways you can earn money, if you really want to. At least, that was the discovery Jane made. And it wasn't long before the bank book with her name on the cover was tucked away in her top bureau drawer.

This is a true story. Out in Colorado Springs where Jane lives, the Girl Scouts have their own bank books, their own savings accounts, and they would tell you if you were to visit them that they have never done anything that has been more interesting—no, not even going to camp! Not a bank teller but recognizes a Girl Scout uniform the minute he sees one coming in the door.

How did it all happen? Just as so many Girl Scout plans happen—by someone's having an idea. This particular someone was Mrs. C. S. Morrison. As soon as the idea occurred to her of having Girl Scout bank accounts, she asked all the Girl Scouts she knew what they thought of the plan. They liked it. Then she asked the Captains and the girls' fathers and mothers and the bankers and everyone and anyone who knew and liked girls. In reply to her question, they all answered, "Let's do it."

The banks did their share. Every bank in the city "adopted" certain troops and invited the girls to visit them on a certain day. Through Mrs. Morrison and the other Girl Scout leaders of Colorado Springs, everyone heard of what the girls wished to do. The newspapers told the story of it. Speakers at the various clubs spread news of it. The girls' parents came to a Thrift Rally at which a play called "Penny Providence" was produced. Because everyone was so interested, many new opportunities for the girls to earn money were opened. Scholarships were offered by interested friends to the girl in each troop who saved the most during the first six months. Each scholarship was a week at camp or its equivalent.

The girls started to work in earnest. Each had a savings bank loaned her by the bank which had adopted her troop. And she knew that as soon as she had saved enough she could go to her bank and open her account. The first dollar was the hardest. Many a Colorado Springs girl will tell you so today. But it was surprising, as the man in Jane's bank had said, how the money did mount up once you had started.

It got to be a game. Those who had no allowance put on their thinking caps and devised clever ways of earning a quarter here and ten cents there. Who could save the most? Who could concoct the best scheme for earning money?



Colorado Springs Sincerely Hopes to be Honored with the Leaders' Meeting in September, '28

Colorado Springs and the Pikes Peak Region—scenic and vacation land of blue skies, bright sunshine, of clean air where the outdoors beckons the year around; where Girl Scouts live close to Nature, yet in a modern, forward city of fine schools, churches and homes.

The Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce joins with the Girl Scout Council in extending an urgent and sincere invitation to the National Council to bring the meeting of the Girl Scout Leaders to the foot of Pikes Peak in 1928—the ideal place for a Girl Scout meeting.

In the meantime, please don't hesitate to write for any vacation or other information you may wish.

Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce
191 Independence Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colorado

Colorado Springs Thrift Plan to Become Part of National Girl Scouts Program

The Colorado Springs Girl Scout Thrift Plan has been approved by the National Council, and is to be inaugurated by other local Councils in 1927. An official of the Colorado Springs Clearing House Association, comprising the Colorado Springs Banks, said: "We were glad to lend special encouragement to this fine plan, and it is pleasing to know the Girl Scouts are using it nearly 100%."



Some of the girls walked to school and Sunday School and put their carfare thriftily in their banks. Some increased their bank accounts by making and selling candy or by saving motion picture money. Some stopped eating sweets.

One girl, whose mother was an invalid and whose father had died some time before, resolutely set herself to earning money by cutting and selling flowers on shares. Fathers and mothers offered their own private scholarships when their daughters had saved a certain amount. Girls, who had thought that they could not even manage the annual Girl Scout dues of fifty cents apiece, suddenly discovered that they could earn not only these dues but enough for savings accounts besides. Some troops had a bank book for every girl in the troop.

At the end of six months, nearly every Girl Scout in Colorado Springs was saving. And in that short while the girls had saved a surprising amount—more than one thousand dollars! Some girls had earned ten, twenty, and thirty dollars. One schoolgirl, who made leather belts, moccasins, purses and various other things, earned sixty.

It is a splendid record. But there is more to saving than the money which is safely tucked away in the bank, waiting for college or for other dreams. There is more to it than earning the Business Woman Merit Badge.

The day is coming when Girl Scouts will be teachers or business women or homemakers. Those are the days when they will need to know how to use their

(Continued on page 67)

Is Jane Littell's advice in the February issue—and she tells how

We place on
The American Girl Honor Roll



Troop 134, Manhattan

for

Their Original AMERICAN GIRL Stunt

Presented at a rally

It was an original AMERICAN GIRL stunt and everyone who attended the district rally that Saturday afternoon was so delighted that word of it promptly reached THE AMERICAN GIRL office. Whereupon Helen Ferris wrote Miss Gladys Stewart, the Troop's Captain, for a description of the stunt and pictures of the girls who took part in it.

When Miss Stewart's reply arrived, we at once saw that Troop 134 was worthy of a place on THE AMERICAN GIRL Honor Roll. Briefly, the stunt was "Making the April issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL." The pages entered, followed by the Editor who carried cards, a blank book the size of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and some pins. The pages set down their large cards and walked back to the Editor who handed them ten cards. These cards bore the titles of features of the magazine and were changed by the pages each time a new character appeared.



The pages

There was the cover—the Mountain Girl, dressed exactly like the April cover. She entered, then handed an actual April cover to the Editor who pinned it in place. There was the Poetry Page, the yellow pansy—a girl dressed in yellow. Story Pages, Merit Badges, the Scribes' Corner, the Puzzle Page—all entered, helped the Editor, and at last made a procession with the Editor at the head and the April issue complete. Their exit was triumphant to the tune of a jolly American Girl song.

Have you given
AN AMERICAN GIRL STUNT?

Send it in—with pictures

"Well, I might as well admit"

(Continued from page 23)

game," he declared. "You talking your head off and him not getting in a word edgewise."

I reiterated that it could not possibly be true. But inside me there was the rather sickening conviction that my brother was right. Up in my room, however, I argued myself into believing that he must be mistaken. But I would show him! The next game I went to, I would certainly give the boy a "chance," as my brother put it!

Being impulsive, I at once began to plan the questions I would ask my friend in order to give him this "chance." For in our town, most of the boys seemed to hang back and wait for the girls to start. Thinking of myself in my room that day, I smile. For I did not then realize, as I do now, that at that very moment of my planned reform I was slipping back into my old habit. With this difference only, that I was planning questions instead of straight conversation!

On the way to the next game, I certainly did start in on those questions, with the boy who had asked me—and for whom I didn't especially care. I gaspingly waited for him to finish one reply, then hurled another at him. Poor boy, I know he thought he was in an examination room. And the evening was not half over by any means, before I could tell that this question and answer idea wasn't much of a hit, either.

What *was* the matter? The thing haunted me. I became desperately worried for fear nobody liked me—really convinced that even my best friends were merely being polite. It was a miserable time. And not for worlds would I have talked it over with a soul. For the first time in my life I was painfully self-conscious. I agonized about what to say next or whether to say anything at all! And so on and on, especially when I was alone in my own room at night. You know how you mull things over then.

I don't know when or how it first dawned upon me, but it did—that my chief trouble was that I was working too hard over making people like me and having a good time!

"Oh, bother," I remember saying to myself one day. "Why can't I go ahead and just have a good time tonight?"

The queerest thing of all, I think, was that it never occurred to me, during all that time, to wonder why I went on receiving invitations! Enough, that is, so that I was never really neglected. Surely some people must have liked me!

But it didn't occur to me. And what did help me in the end was that simple idea—why work so hard to be popular, to have a good time?

I tried it—not worrying about what I would say or whether the others would like it. And it worked. Not like a charm or overnight, for that never happens in real life. If you are going to make yourself over into what you want to be, you can make up your mind you're

Do you believe in dreams? Eileen did, so much that she—

going to have to put a lot of time on it! That evening, when I just let myself have a good time without worrying about whether I was getting popular or not, things seemed to ease up at once. Coming home, now that I wasn't bothering about myself so much, I had time to think of the boy I was with. He wasn't noted for his brilliance. But I did discover that he had a new idea about why our girls' basketball team wasn't making a very good showing. And he was more interesting, talking about that, than I had ever thought he would be!

Yes, as I look back, that was the start of an entirely new course of action for myself, although I didn't fully realize it at the time. By not bothering so much about the impression I was making, my worry became less. Not worried about myself, I had time to be more truly interested in what the others were saying. Then I discovered that conversation moved along much more readily without strenuous coaxing from me! I had a better time, myself, when I did not monopolize things. And as for that foolish, stilted plan of hurling innumerable questions—I dropped that, too.

Please do not think that I always succeeded. Nor that I always succeed to this day. For I must have been born loving to talk. So I shall always love to do it. And some days, even yet, when I am out in company or when the girls drop in here for tea, something seems to get into me and I am back at my old habits again. I talk, talk, talk—and don't give the others a chance. Later, when I am alone, I feel contrite.

But I do not feel discouraged. For this is the point, and because I want to say it to you I have let your editor persuade me into writing this about myself: I can truthfully say that those times of overwhelming talking on my part are not so frequent. And I am finding more and more that I really do not wish to monopolize the conversation. Other people have so much that is interesting to tell me which I miss if I take up all the time myself.

Which is my problem and my story. But, as I think of it, the shy girl's problem is not altogether different. What helped me, the talker, will help you, too, if you are shy—that is, to stop worrying so much about the kind of impression you are making and what people are going to think of you and to become interested in what the other person has to say. Of course, if you are shy, it is more difficult for you to get things started than it has ever been for me. Questions don't naturally burst from your lips. So I imagine thinking beforehand of various questions which will be appropriate for you to ask your friends, of things which you would like to discuss with them, may not be a bad plan if you don't overdo it.

But before I stop, I should like to tell you of one more thing which has helped, tremendously, but which I never discovered until after I came here to college—because I got it in one of my classes. And that is, if, just before you go to sleep, you think of yourself as you would like to be, acting just as you would like to act—and your friends around you,



The Secret

of poise isn't difficult to find. It is simply being at ease mentally and physically. And contributing much to poise is the proper choice of one's intimate accessories. The fineness of their quality should bring complete comfort which is both physical and mental.

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liking you that way—why, some way or other, it gets into your mind and stays there while you are asleep. And when you wake up, it's lots easier to be that way. Strange, isn't it?

But, of course, you must be sure to choose the best kind of imaginary picture of yourself!

These Articles are especially for you

These articles in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are going to be different from any other that we have ever had. It is going to be a page written by girls whose names will never appear—telling what things they have found most difficult and how they are trying to work them out. The

girl who wrote this article is a very attractive girl. Few would guess that she had ever had so trying a time as she has described here. But the way in which she set out to conquer her difficulty is of greatest interest to all girls—for there is no girl who does not find things in her life which are difficult to solve.

What do you wish to have discussed on this page, which is so very especially yours? Won't you write to Helen Ferris and tell her what is bothering you? Mark the letter "Personal" and she will be the only person to read it. By writing to her, you will be helping her to have on this page what will be of the greatest help to all the girls who read the magazine. For often it is what we never mention to others which is most perplexing.

But read about it in Margaret Widdemer's story next month

The Pink Dress

(Continued from page 9)

don't you think a little longer about it, and talk it over with your mother, and let me know in a few days?"

"All right," Lucile agreed. She knew that Miss Barkus thought it was just a temporary aberration on her part, that in a few hours she would change her mind—but Lucile thought differently.

The pink dress seemed to follow her as she rode up town on the subway, jammed in, clinging to a strap. It followed her into the dark, small, bare apartment that she called home, and she smiled to herself as she sat in the kitchen eating her dinner with her mother and her brother. They always ate in the kitchen except on the rare occasions when they had company, and then they ate in the living-room which also served as Henry's bedroom. Her glance wandered almost unseeing over the sink, the tub, the much-used gas stove, the fire escape outside the window, the table with its worn but clean oilcloth covering, the chipped dishes, also worn but clean; her mother, a large woman whose fair hair was faded, and whose face was wrinkled from loss of flesh; Henry, young, tousle-headed, shovelling in his dinner in the fashion of a hungry boy—

"Oh, mother!" she cried suddenly, "I saw a dress today! Such a dress! Just the thing for Etta's wedding."

"Oh," her mother looked up quickly, "I thought I was going to make you one, but of course if you can pick up a bargain! How much was it?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars!" Henry laughed mockingly, "I suppose you're going to buy it!" he added sarcastically.

"Yes, I am." Her tone was very serious.

Henry stopped eating. His fork fell to his plate. He stared at her as if he did not believe his ears.

"Aw, say," he burst out, "you don't really mean that? You're just kidding!"

"Yes, I do mean it."

"But, where are you going to get the money?" It was her mother who spoke this time.

"Profit-sharing fund."

A heavy silence fell over the room. Henry still stared at her.

"You mean—you're going to take—Lou, you're crazy!"

"Why, Lucile, you can't do that! Didn't you tell me what a fine thing that was, and that you weren't ever going to touch it, no matter what happened, because in a few years it would mean a lot?"

Lucile nodded. "Yes."

"And now, you're going to queer the whole works by buying a dress!" Henry cried, "Gee! if that isn't just like a girl! Clothes! Clothes! Clothes! That's all they think about! Here I work hard to try to keep this apartment and help mother, and you throw away sixty bucks—"

"I don't think that's quite fair," put in Lucile. "You talk as if I were always squandering my money. You know I

don't. I spend very little on clothes, and I give mother practically every cent I make—"

"Yes, she does," Mrs. Watts interposed quickly. "You're a good girl, Lucile. No one could have a better daughter." And she gave her son a look which said, unmistakably, "Let me attend to this!"

After dinner he went out. Lucile and her mother did the dishes and then went into the living-room. Mrs. Watts sat down under the light, darning stockings, but Lucile drew a chair up to the window. The living-room windows were the only ones in the apartment that did not look out on a court. The living-room itself was a rather bare room, dark woodwork, streaked yellow walls, Henry's couch bed in one corner, a little rickety book case with her father's books, battered by much use—her father had been a man of education and he had struggled vainly all his life to keep up his home—a big chair with a worn leather covering, in which her mother sat, next to an oak table—and Lucile thought of the pink dress.

Presently her mother broke the silence.

"You didn't really mean that, Lou, did you," she ventured, "about the dress?"

"Yes, I did," said Lucile.

Then followed a discussion, in which her mother almost lost her temper.

"You're a silly girl!" she burst out at last. "I don't know what's come over you. You've never talked like this before—you're a silly girl! You can't do it! You can't—"

"Yes, I suppose I am silly, but—" Lucile sprang to her feet and came over to her mother, "Oh, don't you understand? I never had a dress like that! And I want it so—"

The tone of her voice melted her mother's anger. She reached up quickly and took Lucile's hand in hers.

"Oh, I know it, Lou. Heaven knows I'd like you to have pretty clothes like other girls, and I do my best, really!—Now—we'll see—I think perhaps I can put aside a bit from the housekeeping expenses, and we'll get some lovely ma-

terial and I'll—I'll make you a beauty! I know I can! But to take your money and buy that dress—Why, Lou, it's ridiculous!"

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Lucile in a low tone.

Presently Lucile went into the room which she shared with her mother, and went to bed. But, as she slipped off to sleep, the pink dress flitted before her, a vision of loveliness.

The next day, Miss Barkus stopped at her desk a moment.

"Did you talk it over with your family?" she asked. "Yes," answered Lucile. "They were awfully against it. They think I'm foolish."

Miss Barkus smiled, a smile of relief. "So—"

Lucile gave a little sigh. "But I'm going to do it just the same. I've never been foolish before, and I think—" she smiled a little wistful smile, "it's going to be great fun."

She turned back to her work as if the question were settled, and Miss Barkus passed on without another word. Lucile wondered what she would do next. They could not refuse to give her the money, but Lucile knew that Miss Barkus would not give in without a struggle.

At dinner that night her mother and brother were very quiet on the subject of the pink dress, ominously quiet, so Lucile thought. Henry did not go right out after dinner. Instead he went into the sitting room and sat down on the couch leaning forward, his chin in his hands. For a few moments no one spoke. A heavy silence fell over the room. Then Henry cleared his throat.

"Say, Lou," he began awkwardly, "I didn't mean to jump on you last night about that dress. I know you haven't been able to have lots of pretty clothes the way other girls have and, of course, you want a grand new dress for Etta's wedding. Mother and I have been talking about it—and we don't want you to think that we don't get your—point-of-view—" he stumbled a little over the words, and in a flash Lucile knew that Miss Barkus had been there talking to her family. "We do, and we think that if we skimp things a bit for a few weeks, we'll be able to save enough to give you a dress. Of course," he smiled, "not a sixty dollar one—"

An affectionate light leaped into Lucile's eyes. "That's awfully sweet of you, Henry, but I don't want you and mother to skimp yourselves for my dress, and I don't see how we could live much closer than we do now. And anyway, I don't want another dress—I want that one."

"But we can't always have what we want in life," put in her mother.

"I know we can't. But I'm going to this time." Her tone was decided.

"You mean—" Henry sprang to his feet, "that you've made up your mind?"

"Yes." But somehow Lucile did not feel that she had made up her mind herself. She felt that some force outside her was pushing her on.



"Why, it's just exactly what I wanted!" says Harriet in "Heart's Desire"—

"Well, I don't understand you at all!" cried Henry. "Here we've been working hard, you and I, grinding away and saving so we could have a decent home, and then all of a sudden you throw away sixty dollars and chances for more! Why, you're crazy!—I thought that if we met you half-way, perhaps you'd be a bit reasonable—and that woman who came here from your office—she seemed to think so, too,—but I guess nobody can do anything with you! You're selfish and obstinate! Of course, it's your own money and you can do what you like with it. We can't stop you,—but don't you ever come bawling to me for money after this! I'm through, I say! I wash my hands of you and the whole affair!" He flung himself from the room, and the door of the apartment banged behind him.

Mrs. Watts was crying softly.

"Oh, Lou, if you'd only be reasonable. We've been so happy—and I've tried so hard to make a home for you and Henry and now you're quarreling and he'll never forgive you! If you'd only give up this foolish notion—for my sake—"

Before her mother's tears, Lucile hesitated. For a moment she was on the point of giving in, then her mother went on, "and think of yourself, too! Why, some day, you'll meet some young man and you'll want to get married, and then you'll want this money. You'll need it to buy yourself all sorts of things. Or if you don't get married, you'll want it for something else! Perhaps to go abroad—think of that, Lou! A trip abroad! Oh, I just can't bear to have you waste that money you've worked so hard for. You don't know what's ahead. Why, you may be throwing away all kinds of chances—ruining your life—for a dress!"

Lucile smiled. The pink dress seemed to float in the air before her. Again she saw herself in it at Etta's wedding—smiling up at that tall, young man, saw the light of appreciation in his brown eyes—Yet how could she tell her mother about this dream, and that mysterious feeling that she had, that somehow this pink dress was destiny, that it was leading her into new fields, away from this bare apartment and the subway and the office—towards romance and beauty and love—

"Ruin my life?" she laughed. "Why, mother, it's going to make it!"

Lucile laughed again and gaily put her arm around her.

"Don't look like that! I'm not crazy!"

Her mother shook her head doubtfully.

"Well, you talk as if you were!"

The next morning Lucile was called into Miss Barkus' office. Miss Barkus was not alone; with her was a Mr. Howland, one of the important men of the company, the man who was primarily responsible for the introduction of the profit-sharing fund.

Miss Barkus smiled upon Lucile.

"I just wanted to ask you if you've reconsidered—"

"No," put in Lucile abruptly, "I haven't."

"Oh!" Miss Barkus' smile faded, "I

(Continued on page 62)

Make the Most of NOW

Earn Your Money for Camp Now



Dorothy Fowler of Hartford has combined making others happy with earning money—truly a Girl Scout combination. This is the letter she wrote when we asked her to tell how she did it:

DEAR EDITOR:

If the way I secured subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL will help other girls to earn money, I am glad to pass the plan along.

Miss Nellie B. West, our local director, has helped me ever so much. What I did first was to announce in our Girl Scout News column, which appears in our daily evening paper every Saturday night, that I would take subscriptions for THE AMERICAN GIRL, and gave my home address to which subscriptions could be sent. I received a great many of my subscriptions that way, even receiving them from aunts and mothers, who wanted them for presents for nieces or daughters, and who didn't know, otherwise, how to get them. This announcement appeared several times in the paper.

Another way was through our Junior Council of which I am a member. All our members help in other troops, and they told these troops that I would take subscriptions, and woke the girls up to the fact that we did have a national magazine.

But it was the Captains themselves who helped the most. It was announced at Captains' meetings that subscriptions could go through me. Practically every Captain has her personal magazine, and many girls have subscribed for themselves and for others. One troop I know is writing to an English Guide group, and they sent that group a two-year subscription. Other troops have given the magazine to some poorer troop in which they are interested.

Whenever I knew of a girl's birthday approaching, I called up her mother and asked if she wouldn't like to give the magazine as a present. Often they answered in the affirmative, and so made another girl happy.

It is hard when a girl is indifferent to the magazine. But this is usually because she doesn't know it. In this case, I give her some of my sample copies, and so try to awake her interest. Often this is successful at once.

Sometimes the girls want the magazine, but are not able to afford it. Then I show them from the Premium List how they can earn a subscription. Many of the girls in my troop have done that.

With the older girls, it is not that they cannot spend the money when you tell them about subscribing. They forget to bring it! But I remind them.

Right after a holiday or birthday is an awfully good time to get such girls. They often receive money as gifts, but be sure to get them before they spend it on anything else!

With all best wishes to future subscribers, I am cordially,

DOROTHY E. FOWLER.

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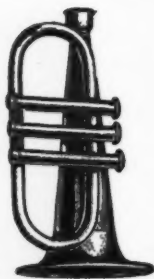
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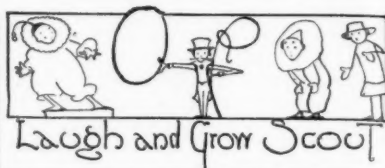
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The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

Spring Tragedy

There was a grocer by the name of March. One day the butcher came around and said: "March, the first of April the price of meat's going up."

"That's all right," said March.

A few days later the landlord came around and said: "March, the first of April the rent's going up."

"All right," said March.

A few days later, March put up a sign: "The first of April will be the end of March."—Sent by ALICE M. TIPTON, Arma, Kans.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Impatient

The old lady in the confectionery store was growing impatient at the lack of service. Finally she rapped sharply on the counter. "Here, young lady," she called, "who waits on the nuts?"—Sent by ETARLE MORGAN, Arma, Kans.



Meet Me at the Church

Two Scotchmen, previously strangers to each other, had spent the whole day on the golf links. As they left for home, the older man remarked: "Mon, but it's been a gran' day!"

"It has," the young man assented.

"Think ye ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," the young man answered, reflectively, "I was to be married, but I dare say I can put it off."

Help

FLAPPER: Is this the bureau of information?

"Yes—what do you want?"

FLAPPER: Is my hat on straight?—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.



Too Many

"Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"Yes, Jimmie. Why?"

"'Cause if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning—but I'm afraid one'll have to come soon."—American Boy.

If you want to earn money in the new year, write to Betty Brooks (see page 67)!

"Requesting the Honor of Your Presence"

(Continued from page 42)

Tuna Fish a la Newburgh

- 4 cups picked tuna flakes (lobster, crab or shrimp may be substituted)
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper or pimento
- 1½ cups rich milk or cream
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 3 egg yolks

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, seasonings and cream, cook until smooth and well blended. Add fish and peppers and heat through. Beat egg yolks and stir into sauce. Serve in puff paste patty shells or fluted paper cups or ramekins. Garnish with star cut from pepper. (Serves 12 persons.)

Almond Cake

- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup shortening
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 3 egg whites
- 3 cups sifted pastry flour
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup blanched and chopped almonds

Cream shortening: add sugar and cream again. Add 1/3 cup of water and 1 cup flour alternately and beat 3 minutes; repeat. Add baking powder to remaining cup of flour; add remaining 1/3 cup water to cake mixture and fold in flour and baking powder. Beat white of eggs until stiff, cut and fold in. Dredge nuts and add to cake mixture. Bake in loaf pans in a moderate oven for 50 minutes.

Peanut Penuche

By DORIS MAY HUNTER
West Hartford, Conn.

- 1 cup shelled peanuts (not salted)
- ¼ cup sweet milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter

Put sugar, milk and butter into a saucepan and cook about 10 minutes. Grind the peanuts in a food chopper and butter a tin for the candy. When candy forms a soft ball in cold water, add the ground peanuts and cook a minute. Take from stove, add vanilla, and beat hard for a minute. Pour into pan, cool and cut in squares.

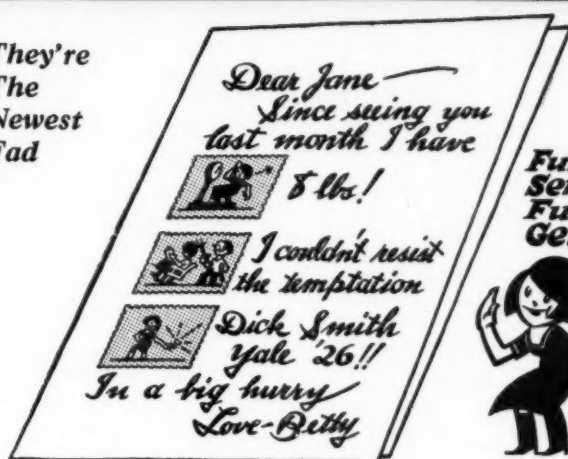
Oyster and Celery Casserole

- 1 pint of oysters
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon chopped celery

Have ready very fine breadcrumbs, and thin white sauce well seasoned. Use a shallow, well-greased baking dish or pan. Dip the oysters in the well-beaten egg, then in crumbs and arrange on the bottom of the pan. Sprinkle with parsley and celery and pour over small amount of

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white sauce. Add a second layer of egg and crumbed oysters and repeat seasonings and sauce to quantity desired. Bake in a hot oven 30 minutes. Serves six.

Peach Surprise

This is any sponge cake mixture poured over canned sliced peaches laid on the bottom of a buttered cake pan. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Turn upside down, cut into portions and top each with spoon of whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Ice Box Pudding

By BETTY PRELLER
Dormont, Pennsylvania

- 2 dozen lady fingers
- 4 tablespoons boiling water
- Yolks of 4 eggs—whites of 4 eggs
- 2 squares chocolate —3 tablespoons sugar

Pour boiling water over chocolate and dissolve in double boiler. Add sugar and well-beaten egg yolks. Add vanilla and cook to a thick cream. Fold in whites. Line moulds with waxed paper, put in lady fingers and cream alternately, ending with cream. Cover with waxed paper and put in ice box over night.

The story of a Kentucky mountain girl, in February—you'll like Sairy Ann

The Pink Dress

(Continued from page 59)

hoped that perhaps you had changed your mind. I went to see your mother yesterday, and had a talk with her—"

"I know you did."

"And she and I feel practically the same, and so does Mr. Howland. We think it's too bad that you can't have the dress, but under the circumstances—your mother's illness and your brother not earning much—it doesn't seem reasonable or right for you to take this money that you may need badly some day and spend it for a dress to wear on just one occasion—"

"Oh, I'll wear it after the wedding," Lucile interposed quickly.

"But—where?" Miss Barkus blinked.

"I'll put it on in the evenings at home." Lucile spoke eagerly, and she smiled as she had a vision of herself, after the dishes were done, slipping into that fairy pinkness and promenading up and down the living-room—

Mr. Howland stepped forward.

"You realize that you won't be able to have any future benefits from the fund?"

"Oh, yes."

"Of course," he went on, "we aren't trying to persuade you not to do this on account of the fund. We're just thinking of you and the future—"

For a moment Lucile did not answer. Again she was at a loss to explain her feeling about that dress; that in giving it up she would be sacrificing more than a dress, more than being a bridesmaid—

"Now, just look at this sensibly—"

At that, Lucile suddenly burst out.

"I'm tired of being sensible. I've been sensible for years and years and years. And now—I've got to have that dress! You haven't seen it, either of you—it's—it's—" Her glance wandered from one to the other, hopefully, seeking for an understanding spark. But Miss Barkus shrugged her shoulders and sighed, as if to say to Mr. Howland, "There, you see! You can't do anything with her!"

Without another word Lucile left the room.

That noon she went along Fifth Avenue to take another look at the dress, fearing that perhaps it was not as beautiful as her dreams. But it was. It was still in the window.

When she turned away, she held her head high—it was worth the battle! Yet she wished—oh! how she wished—that she could have had it without all the discussion. Somehow Henry's angry words and Miss Barkus' frown seemed to sully the freshness of that pink—

She was very tired that night. Yet she lingered later than usual at the office, because she dreaded to go home—dreaded more discussions, more quarrels.

When at last she went into the dressing-room, everyone had already departed, and as she got into the elevator, the only occupant was a young man, with red hair, a freckled face and a stocky figure. She recognized him as belonging to the shipping department, and she bowed.

He took a step forward.

"Say, you know, I was in the next room when you were talking with Mr. Howland—I didn't mean to listen, but the door was open and—"

Her smile of greeting froze. Abruptly she turned her back upon him. She just could not bear to have any more advice.

But he came close to her side. His blue eyes were very bright, and his face was tense and eager.

"Don't you let 'em talk you out of getting that dress!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Don't you let 'em!"

Lucile was so surprised she could not speak. She could only stare at him.

"I know how you feel," he went on.

"Sometimes you just have to have things! It doesn't make any difference whether you need 'em or not. You have to have 'em!—why—a couple of years ago, when I wasn't making much, I used to walk along Fifth Avenue at noon and there was a picture in one of the windows—you know the kind—a lot of blue water and waves and a big ship with lots of sails—the kind they used to have—coming right towards you. And I used to look at that picture, and one day I went in and bought it. Well," he laughed almost apologetically, "I didn't have much lunch for a few days, and all my friends thought I'd lost my mind—I suppose it was kind of foolish but—say, that picture sure looked good hanging in that little two-by-four room of mine. And coming in at night, those waves—"

"That's just what I thought," cried Lucile eagerly, her eyes sparkling. "When I got home from the office at night, I could put it on and it would be sort of nice anyway to have it hanging in the closet and know I could put it on if I wanted to—"

"Yes, and—then—you know when things used to go wrong, I'd get to thinking about all that blue water—and somehow it would sort of pep me up a bit!"

The elevator halted at the first floor. Out from the building they walked together toward the subway. And suddenly Lucile's tongue was loosened. She told him about her family and Henry and her home and their struggles; and under the impetus of his earnest, freckled face and smiling, blue eyes, she told him what she had not been able to tell her

mother or Miss Barkus, about the charm of the pink dress and the queer feeling she had.

"They think it's just clothes, and I'm vain—too proud to wear an old dress to Etta's wedding—but it isn't that—really!"

And he told her about his family, who lived up state, and his struggles. And he pushed her aboard the subway, and, as they rode up town, stood close beside her. They did not have much chance to talk, as the express roared through the earth, but he smiled at Lucile and she smiled up at him, her cheeks as pink and her eyes as bright as if she had on the pink dress.

"Where do you get off?" He leaned over, his head close to hers.

"A hundred and eighty-first."

"My stop is a hundred and sixty-eighth. Not so far away. Do you mind if I ride on up with you?" And when they reached her door, he stopped uncertainly before saying good-bye. "Doing anything this evening?" he asked. "If you aren't, I'd like to come around. We could go for a bus ride or to a movie or something—what do you say?" His eyes were very earnest as he asked the question, and when she said she'd "love to," he smiled.

Lucile's face was flushed when she hurried into the kitchen, where her mother and brother were already eating.

"Say, mother, put on an iron, will you? I've got to press that blue silk of mine. There's a man coming around tonight—"

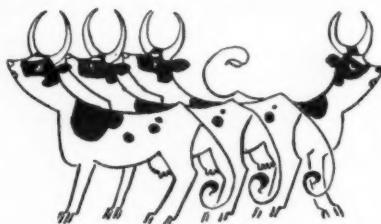
In the excitement of Lucile having a caller, no mention was made of the pink dress. In fact, it was forgotten—even by Lucile.

And when she went to bed that night, it did not float before her in the darkness, entrancing, wonderful. Neither did she have a vision of herself at Etta's wedding, talking to a tall, brown-eyed man. Instead there hovered before her an earnest, friendly, freckled face, and smiling blue eyes. And in her ears echoed an eager voice, "I know just how you feel!" And once again on her arm she felt the clasp of a protecting hand, as he pushed her through the subway crowd.

"Well," growled Henry at breakfast the next morning, "I suppose you're going to buy that precious dress today!"

Lucile started. For a minute she did not answer. Again she saw the dress, filmy, fairylike—sunset skies—dawns—roses—yet it did not pull her heart as it had the day before. Somehow she did not have the feeling any more that she must have that dress, or die! Somehow—she did not quite know why—she did not need it—at least, not just now. The pink dress had shed its radiance over the subway, the office, her home; it had seemed a magic path into another world. But a friendly smile, a pair of understanding blue eyes, a hoarse, earnest voice could do that just as well, perhaps better. Much, much better—

She smiled. "How much material will I need for a dress, mother? I don't think I'll buy that one after all."



A small boy, on his first visit to the farm, was very much interested in the cows and the queer things on their heads. In the evening, he heard them bawling and ran to his mother saying, "Mother, the cows are blowing their horns!"

If you enjoy "The American Girl," tell your friends about it

[[This is the prize-winning advertisement in the contest held by The Osborne Specialty Company—won by Miss Carol Jean Turner, Patrol Leader, Eagle Patrol, Pine Troop No. 1, Thomaston, Connecticut. Miss Turner has won for her troop a prize of fifty dollars in equipment to be ordered from the National Equipment Department at National Headquarters.]]

! ATTENTION !

Girl Scouts



Order Osborne's hexagon pencils.
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Everyone will want to buy one.
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Save time, money and patience.



THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW YORK

IN ORDERING USE THE COUPON BELOW

AG. Jan., '27

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.,
Camden, New York.

Gentlemen:

You may send us gross "Benefit Pencils" in finish enamel at \$4.50 per gross and print from the following copy:

It is agreed that if our order reads for seven gross or more of the pencils
we are to receive a genuine Parker Lady Duofold Pencil—free.

Name of Troop..... City or Town.....

Captain..... State.....

No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being printed cannot be returned for credit.

Read our advertisements—they tell you much you want to know

A Different Kind of Courage

(Continued from page 28)

"That's what I said," Maria told her, "but Jane said there were some hanging on the bushes up near the Sachem's Seat. And she said Johnny could go if he promised not to stay too long—there now, I've told you, and I didn't mean to."

That Maria had tattled as usual made no difference to Meg. She realized at once that Jane, having ridden for her father, had not heard the messenger's alarming suggestion about Indians. Nor had she heard her father's order to keep the children close to the house. And John, sturdy little John, had gone to the very edge of the deep forest.

"I know no other of your years I'd liefer trust—" The words seemed to ring in her ears as the clouds mounted higher and more menacing and the wind began to moan through the tall elms that shaded the house.

Her aunt, whose godchild she was, had lost all patience and taunted her with her cowardice when she had sought refuge in a dark closet during a thunderstorm. Well, she had said no more than the truth. Meg acknowledged herself to be a coward—but not such a coward as to break her word.

Her resolution taken, she turned to Bernis.

"Pay heed!" she said sharply. "I am going after John. When Jane and Betsey come back tell them not to try to follow. It was father's orders all were to stay at home. Tell them that. And say I may cross the stream to Gillet's till the storm is spent so they must not fret if we stop the night. Now do you take the children in and keep them in."

She reached inside the door, dragged a hooded cape from its hook, and ran. Now and then she called, "John! Johnny!" But it was not until she came out in the rocky upland meadow which was topped by the big boulder known as the "Sachem's Seat," that she began to fear the boy had wandered even farther.

Suddenly she shrank back affrighted. Something chill and wet had touched her hand, and her first thought was of a snake. In an instant she saw that it was Shepherd King, her father's dog.

"Find Johnny, Shep!" she half sobbed. And whether the dog understood her, or whether good fortune guided them, a few minutes later she stumbled over a pail with a few rather dry blueberries at the bottom of it.

Shep did not stand still. He sniffed at the pail, then began to course hither and yon, nose to ground. At last, barking excitedly, he made for the woods, looking back to make sure Meg was following.

Within the forest it was very dark. The sun must still be high but the clouds were so black that it seemed as if night were coming on. Meg, pushing on as fast as she could, found herself unable to keep Shep in sight. She could hear his lusty barking far in front of her, clear, at first, then fainter and fainter as he distanced her. Dreading the moment when she would no longer have that sound to guide her, she gave no heed to

the first low, ominous roll of thunder.

Then the trees above her bent to the storm, dead branches snapped and crashed to the ground, and lightning glared through the screen of leaves.

The storm grew steadily worse, the lightning almost continuous. The whole forest seemed to rock with the peals of thunder, and the wind was no longer content with a branch here and there but began to take its toll of trees.

"Oh, poor little Johnny!" thought Meg as she scrambled around one fallen monster. "He will be sorely frightened."

It was very dark, and she paused, listening for Shep's bark, hearing nothing but the storm.

Overhead the gale raged on with no sign of abating, and her heart began to misgive her lest perchance Shep was on the trail of a red fox or a raccoon instead of her little brother.

There was little use of going on aimlessly, however. Meg racked her brains for any scraps of wood lore she might have heard, regretting too late that she had been such a stay-at-home. The only thought that came to her was that those lost in the woods were said to travel in circles, while she had exerted all her cunning in the effort to keep to a straight line. That might mean that she had diverged widely from Johnny's path.

She had about made up her mind that, as she could think of no better plan, she must press on toward the spot from whence Shep's last challenge had seemed to come, when a flash of blinding intensity made her close her eyes. On opening them again, she saw, directly in her path—an Indian!

Then at last her heart seemed to flutter in her breast as if it would burst through. An Indian! Here was the explanation of why John had not run in circles, lost in the forest. He was a captive, and his captors, to whom doubtless each green aisle between the tree trunks was as familiar and as easy of travel as the King's Highway, had carried him to their camp.

This was worse than her most terrified imaginings, which had been of attacks on the farm and the united family. Never had she fancied herself as alone at the mercy of a savage. Had she been given a choice, immediate death would have seemed easier. Yet once she had convinced herself that to follow was to share Johnny's fate she gave obedience to the brave's beckoning finger.

He led, she followed in his footsteps, and so they went in single file through the forest. Meg lost track of the direction they were taking, only aware that the ground was gradually rising. At last they came out in a natural glade, where twenty or more tents were pitched around a great central campfire.

At once a crowd of Indians surrounded them, hands were laid upon the white girl and she was drawn onward to a tent somewhat larger than the others and urged to enter. No words were possible between them. She did not speak their tongue nor they hers, but

they took off her wet cape and put dry moccasins on her feet in place of her sodden shoes. Food was brought and urged upon her, but she pushed it away. Finally, seeing that their guest was terrified or dazed, they left her with a girl of about her own age who, on her knees, coaxed her to take a little of the dried meat and maize bread she proffered. It was only then that it dawned upon Meg that only kindness had been shown her.

But where was Johnny? She did not dare to call his name. How did she know what might enrage these savages and turn their thoughts to cruelty? To placate the Indian girl she took a bite of the meat and followed it with a nibble at the bread. To her surprise both were very good, and her guardian showed her white teeth in pleasure at seeing her eat. So Meg managed to swallow a little more and felt the better for it.

She motioned the girl to a seat beside her on a pile of skins. A flap of the tent had been tied back to admit light, and she smoothed the ground in front of her.

Then with her finger-tip she drew an outline such as many a child has drawn on a slate. She touched her own hair, cheeks and eyes to indicate they were the same in her crude drawing. She motioned with her hand the height of the boy's head to indicate his size, and at once the Indian girl laughed.

"Papoose!" she said, then with quick fingers, drew in beside the boy's figure that of a dog, and leaped to her feet, beckoning Meg to follow. Meg hesitated, sure she was a prisoner and in dread of the guard she imagined at her door, but her hand was seized impatiently and she was dragged into the open.

There were no guards. The rain had ceased, the sun was setting in a crimson glory as the Indian girl signed for her to peep within a tent where Johnny slept, his head pillowed on Shep, who rapped the ground with his tail on recognizing Meg.

"I'm cured of foolish fears, mother," Meg said gravely. "An' John had not run into the woods after a baby bunny I might have wasted my life in the chimney corner. Now I know that more than half my dreads were born in my own mind. As I weathered that storm, belike I'll weather others. And I know there are good, kind Indians just as surely as there are wicked whites."

"From that expedition, which was too late to save New London from the flames, and the gallant defenders of Fort Griswold from the sword, your father brought me a relic," her mother told her. "He found it, trampled under foot among the ruins. Doubtless it had been bestowed on one of our enemy, who must have taken little pride in his task there. I would have you wear it when you go to visit your Aunt Margaret."

From her capacious patch-pocket she drew a medal of gold. It was crushed and twisted, yet on its surface were still plainly to be read the words, "FOR VALOUR."

Don't plan your Valentine party until you have read next month's issue—

Our New Premium List

Everything a Girl Scout needs can be earned by securing subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL—and for fewer subscriptions than ever before

Article	\$1.50 subs.	\$2.00 subs.
Long Coat.....	6	4
Short Coat Suit.....	8	6
Bloomers.....	3	2
Knickers.....	4	3
Middy.....	3	2
Hat.....	3	2
Neckerchiefs.....	1	..
Raincoat (Oil Skin).....	10	7
Coat Sweater.....	14	10
Song Book.....	1	..
Troop Flag		
Size 2 x 3.....	4	3
2½ x 4.....	7	5
3 x 5.....	11	8
4 x 6.....	14	10
American Flag		
Size 2 x 3.....	5	4
3 x 5.....	7	5
4 x 6.....	9	7
Troop Pennant.....	3	2
Flag Carrier.....	4	3
Flag Set.....	3	2
First Aid Book.....	2	1
Handbook.....	2	1
Axe.....	3	2
Blankets.....	12	8
Bugle.....	9	6
Camp Kit.....	4	3
Aluminum Canteen.....	5	4
Plain Compass.....	2	1
Radiolite Compass.....	3	2
First Aid Kit and Pouch (small).....	2	1
First Aid Kit and Pouch (large).....	5	4
Flashlight, small and battery	3	2
Flashlight, large and battery	4	3
Handkerchiefs.....	1	..
Haversack, No. 1.....	7	5
Haversack, No. 2.....	4	3
Knife, No. 1 (4 blades).....	3	2
Knife, No. 2 (2 blades).....	2	1
Knife (hunting).....	3	2
Aluminum Mess Kit.....	5	4
Poncho (45x72).....	6	5
Poncho (60x80).....	9	6
Ring (silver) (state size).....	3	2
Ring (gold) (state size).....	4	3
Aluminum Sewing Kit.....	1	..
Stationery.....	1	..
Sun Watch.....	2	1
Wrist Watch.....	9	6
Midget Pin.....	1	..
Iodine Pens.....	1	..
Guide Ropes.....	1	..
Belts (web).....	..	1
Bandeaux.....	1	..
Girl Scout Game Book.....	1	..
Girl Scout Book of Games.....	..	1
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	1	..
Scouting in Fun.....	..	1
Nature Project.....	3	2
Stockings.....	1	..
Girl Scout Handyfacts.....	4	3

Send the subscriptions in as soon as you get them, and we can start the new subscription at once. We will credit the amount towards your premium if you will ask us to.

New Year's Resolutions of a Girl Scout

No. 1. I resolve to have a new uniform and earn it myself

I can have the long coat for six 1-year subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL, or for four 2-year subscriptions, or a short coat suit for eight 1-year subscriptions or six 2-year subscriptions.



No. 2. I am going to keep my clothes in order as Miss Cades suggests—a Girl Scout Sewing Kit is just the thing

This is easy—pins, self-threading needles, a spool of khaki thread and a thimble all in a case, for one 1-year subscription.



No. 3. I resolve to be punctual; therefore, I shall need a



With a gun-metal finish and a suede wrist strap, just what I want for school and camp. I can have it for nine 1-year subscriptions or six 2-year ones.

No. 4. I am going to work for my Bugler's Merit Badge

That means that I shall have to have a bugle. Let's see if it's on the premium list, too. And for only nine 1-year subscriptions or six 2-year subscriptions. Perhaps the patrol will help me on these.



No. 5. I am going to begin earning my equipment for camp right away instead of waiting until the last minute

No. 6. I resolve to remember the address of

The American Girl

it is

670 Lexington Avenue New York City

Mrs. Fredericks has some delightful suggestions to give you

The Luck of Wymberly

(Continued from page 48)

Jim's contrition was so genuine that Mr. Barstow broke into an involuntary smile. "Don't worry, Jim. You did give me a bad half hour, but, on the other hand, you helped me to solve a rather difficult mixup and therefore we forgive you everything! And now that we've got that settled, perhaps we'd better clear up the mystery about the 'Luck.' I'll begin by telling you just what happened when I went to answer that telephone call a year ago tonight."

"As Carol knows, I was called away from the other room to answer a telephone call that night. I took the jewel in its case with me and laid it on the table while I answered. The call was from a man named Peterson—Tom Peterson of Hardeeville, near here. You know him, Carol and Jim, of course, though Roberta does not. Of late years circumstances have compelled me to have some rather difficult business dealings with this man. In fact, my financial affairs became so involved a few years ago that I was compelled to give him a heavy mortgage on Wymberly. Unfortunately, as everybody knows, Peterson is not a pleasant character to deal with. His nature is hard, grasping, covetous and absolutely without mercy. Also he has a curious liking for strange and spectacular methods of pressing home his claims."

"He chose that moment on New Year's Eve a year ago to call me up to say that he had received my letter of the day before and he was surprised, after his repeated refusals to do so, to find that I was again requesting him to renew the mortgage which he held on Wymberly for the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars and which was due on the coming third of January. He wished me to consider this refusal as final. But to my astonishment he did offer one alternative, which was to turn over to him unconditionally the jewelled buckle called by me 'The Luck of Wymberly,' for which he would give me full satisfaction for the mortgage and interest due. I had once in a foolish moment shown him the jewel, told him its history and explained its almost priceless value. I remember how his eyes sparkled with greed at the time, as he held it in his hand and said he would give anything he was worth to possess such a jewel. That night he even had the effrontery to tell me that he was practically sure that I would be unable to meet this obligation and had sent his nephew, young Sanford Peterson, over to receive the jewel from me, as he himself was confined to the house with a cold."

"I was stunned, shocked, horrified. It was all so sudden, so out of a clear sky. But, more than that, I felt absolutely trapped and helpless in his hands. He had me at his mercy and we both knew it. I walked to the open window when I had rung off and heard footsteps pacing up and down, up and down the flagstone walk. I knew at once that it was no ghost, but the steps of Sanford Peterson waiting outside. Suddenly, in a frenzy of desperation, I determined that the old

man should *not* have the jewel, whatever else he might take. It was unreasoning, I suppose, but I feared that he might even be capable of rifling my safe to get possession of it, and I determined to put it somewhere where it could never be found by him. I remembered an old secret hiding place in the curb of the well, constructed far back in Revolutionary days when the British were harrying this part of the country. A turning stone had been contrived in the well-curb that hid a secret receptacle and here had been concealed the family plate and jewels and valuable papers. During the Civil War it had also been used to conceal valuables from the Yankees. It was even thought that the old diplomat, the uncle of Renfrew Barstow, had been trying to find it when he lost his balance and fell in that night. At any rate, I remembered the secret of the hiding place and determined to conceal the stone there before interviewing Sanford Peterson. I listened till the footsteps indicated that he had passed to the other end of the walk. Then, as the night was moonless and dark, I slipped out the window, dropped from the balcony, slipped around by a wide circle to the well, waited till Sanford had returned to the other end of the walk, manipulated the spring that rolled back the stone, and secreted the jewel in the well-curb."

"The young man, Sanford, is of a very different type from his uncle. It was obvious that he didn't like the business he was engaged in. He was nervous and ill at ease and even apologetic. Said he knew his uncle was making an exorbitant demand in claiming the stone when I flatly refused to hand it over to him."

"Sanford is a nice young fellow and I was always very fond of him as a little chap. He, I remember, quite idolized me and has always retained rather an affection for me. He offered to do his best with his uncle in obtaining an extension of time for me and left."

"I was so shaken that I felt quite unfit to face the jolly party in the living-room, and returned to my study to try to get myself together. I don't know how long I had sat there at my desk with my head in my hands when the telephone rang again and young Sanford called me up to say that he had had a stormy interview with his uncle, who had by that time retired to bed. At first the old man had refused to grant me the slightest concession, but finally, evidently due to some pressure that his nephew had brought to bear, agreed to grant me a renewal of one year."

"The shock of the relief this caused me was almost as great as the other had been. And between the two something must have given way in my brain, for I remember absolutely nothing after that for a long interval. I was half-conscious of you, Carol, coming in, trying to rouse me, and of the doctor and of being put to bed. But of why this was all being done and of what had recently occurred, my mind was an utter blank. Little by little the memory of it all returned to

me—all but one thing. I could never remember the slightest particle of the jewel episode—I mean my actual act of having gone out and concealed it in the well-curb. I felt sure I had returned it to the safe."

"As the year went by, old Tom Peterson kept me on continual tenterhooks concerning the mortgage and the jewel. The mining-stocks I had counted on did not come up to expectations."

"Well, to make the story short, the time came 'round tonight. When that telephone call was announced, I suspected then that something new was about to take place, and when I passed that window in the living-room and heard those footsteps, the memory of those same steps of Sanford Peterson a year ago struck me like a blow."

"It was, however, Sanford himself at the telephone, and the news he gave me was almost unbelievable. For he told me that his uncle had passed away of a heartstroke late this afternoon. He also remarked that as he would be his uncle's sole heir, I need worry no longer over the matter of the mortgage, for he stood ready to extend to me all the time that I needed. The relief of the thing was almost too much for me. Then, suddenly something seemed to snap in my brain and the whole affair of the well-curb returned to my memory in a white flash. I don't know where you had gone, Carol, but I never stopped till I had jumped from the balcony, hurried to the spot, turned the spring and recovered the jewel. But when I had it at last in my hand, I suddenly realized that the sound I had taken for footsteps seemed very close and that it had resolved itself into more of a slow, loud 'tick' than anything else. Pushing about in the bushes close by, I came upon the metro-nome, and for a moment was utterly bewildered as to what it could be doing, ticking away alone out there. Then I recalled that Jim here has a decided taste for practical jokes and concluded that this must be some work of his to give you girls a little scare. As it proved, I was right. 'All's well that ends well,' however, so we'll gladly excuse Jim. After that I was so exhausted that I could only lie there on the ground and wait for some one to come and hunt me up, as I felt sure you would. And that's all the story, I reckon."

His three listeners had been sitting spellbound, wordless, and were scarcely able, even now, to grasp the full significance of the curious recital. It was Carol who was the first to recover, and she sprang up with a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, Dad," she cried, glancing at the clock, "it's only half-past twelve—not too late even now to wish the New Year in! Mayn't we take the 'Luck' and complete the ceremony that was never quite finished last year? It would be the most wonderful way to begin this happy New Year!"

For answer Mr. Barstow smilingly placed the "Luck of Wymberly" in her hands.

A new game, inspired by Gladima Scout, is explained in a novel way next month



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She will tell you all about the Earn-Your-Own Club.

You have probably heard about the Earn-Your-Own Club before this—but if you wish to know more about it and how ever so many girls are earning money for themselves write to

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Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mime. scale; small album; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Johore, Dutch India, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c. to approval applicants.

Nice pocket stock book, cal. 25c., with every order.
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25 varieties 10c; 75 var. \$1.00;
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608 W. 135th St., N. Y. C.

Her Name is on the Cover

(Continued from page 55)

money—how to spend and save wisely.

That is why the Colorado Springs Girl Scouts are to be so heartily congratulated—congratulated upon having their own bank books, congratulated upon having earned and saved as they have done and as they are still doing, congratulated upon the experience which they are storing up against the days when they shall have homes of their own, work of their own.

Why don't you speak to your Captain who will see the banker about your savings account? It's worth while to have a bank-book—and every Girl Scout can try to acquire one.

And remember—your name will be on the cover.

A POSTSCRIPT FROM THE EDITOR—Things do happen so interestingly sometimes! We had just received this story from the Colorado Springs girls when along came an announcement inviting all Girl Scouts everywhere to take part in National Thrift Week, January 17-23, 1927. Of course there is no better way to celebrate than to start your own savings account and have a bank-book with your name on the cover. That is what Hildegard Fitzgerald of Dunkirk, N. Y., is doing with the fifty dollars awarded her for her letter in our What-I-Wish-in-my-Magazine Contest. If you and your Captain wish to know more about the savings plans of other girls, write to Mr. W. Espey Albright, The American Bankers' Association, 110 East 42nd St., New York City, or to the Educational Thrift Service, Woolworth Building, New York City. In writing, tell them you are a Girl Scout.

Stamp News in Brief

By OSBORNE B. BOND

EIGHTY-SIX years ago—not so very long, as history goes—the first adhesive postage stamps ever made were issued in England. On that morning in 1840 the subjects of Queen Victoria awoke to find that they could buy beautifully engraved miniatures of their young sovereign and that these tiny portraits—the penny kind done in black and the two-penny kind in blue—could be attached to letters to take the place of the old unsatisfactory prepayment plan. The convenience of the system made it popular almost at once. Within nine years, Brazil, the United States, France, Belgium, Bavaria and Mauritius had followed Great Britain's lead, and soon the idea of postage stamps spread to Asia, Africa, the West Indies and the Pacific islands. At the close of the nineteenth century, about 15,000 varieties of stamps existed. The annual output increased rapidly until, in the years following the World War, it averaged 2,224 per annum. Now, according to latest reports, a complete collection of all the distinct kinds of postage stamps ever issued, exclusive of the innumerable varieties and denominations recognized by philatelists, would number 45,378.

The first United States stamps were issued in 1847 in five-and-ten-cent denominations, the former bearing the portrait of Franklin and the latter the portrait of Washington. Between that time and the present, over 7,500 different kinds of stamps have appeared in this country. The most recent are the fifteen-cent air mail stamps, issued on September 18, 1926, and the two-cent stamp to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of White Plains. This was first sold on October 18th at the International Philatelic Exhibition in New York, which was mentioned in last month's column.

The air mail stamp, printed in sepia, has for its central design a map of the United States. On each side is an airplane in flight, one traveling east and the other traveling west. The Battle of White Plains stamp is a horizontal rectangle of the same size as the current twenty-cent stamp and is printed in red ink. The center vignette shows a gun crew in action, consisting of four men dressed in continental uniform, with cannon and ammunition, and above are the words, "United States Postage" in Roman letters. In the upper left corner appears the year "1776" and in the upper right corner the year "1926."

This latter stamp, on account of its historical interest, is going to be of value in a few years' time. Some readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL are located in places where this stamp and the fifteen-cent air mail stamp described above will not be on sale. As American girls, it would be too bad if these stamps were missing from your collection. If you will send the editor of this column two cents in addition to the face value of each of these stamps, to pay the return postage, he will be glad to send you an unused copy.

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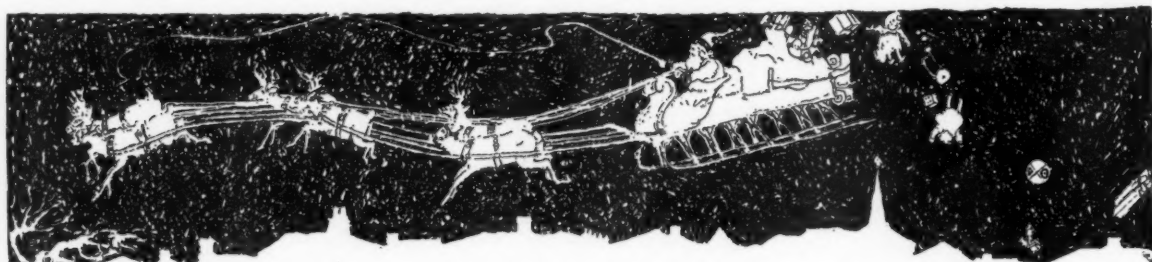
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Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective January 1, 1927

Uniforms	Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65
	38-44	4.15
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70
	38-44	5.20
Skirt	10-44	2.10
Bloomers	10-44	1.85
Knickers	10-44	2.15
Middy—Official khaki...	10-42	1.75
Norfolk Suit—Officer's		
Khaki, light weight...	32-44	8.00
Serge	32-44	38.00
Hat, Officer's	6½-8	4.00
Hat, Girl Scout's.....	6½-8	1.60
Web Belt	28-38	.65
	40-46	.75
Leather for Officers.....	28-38	2.75
	40-42	3.00
Neckerchiefs, each45
Bandeaux (to match		
neckerchiefs), each45
Colors: green, purple, dark		
blue, light blue, brown, car-		
dinal, black, and yellow.		
Black Silk		2.00
Green Silk		2.00
Yellow Slickers	10	3.75
	12	4.00
	14-20	5.00
Sweaters—Brown and		
Green Heather		
Coat Model	32-40	8.00
Slipover Model	32-40	7.00

Badges

	Price
† Attendance Stars	
Gold	\$0.20
Silver15
† First Class Badge.....	.25
† Flower Crests15
† Life Saving Crosses	
Silver	1.75
Bronze	1.50
† Proficiency Badges15
† Second Class Badge.....	.15
† Thanks Badge	
Heavy gold plate with bar....	3.00
10K Gold Pin.....	5.00
Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
Silver Plate75

Insignia

	Price
† Armband	\$0.15
† Corporal's Chevron10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron..	.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's	
hat)50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts.	.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.15

Pins

	Price
† Brownie	\$0.25
† Committee75
† Community Service35
† Golden Eaglet	1.50
† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze50
† Tenderfoot Pins	
10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch)...	.75
New plain type15
Old style plain pin.....	.08
Midget gold filled50
Worn by Officers or Girl	
Scouts when not in uniform	
Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75

Songs

	Price
America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There?.....	.10
Enrollment10
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout.	.15
First National Training School..	.25
Girl Guide60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50
Girl Scout Songs	
Vocal Booklet10
Piano Edition30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
Lots of 10 or more.....	.03
Goodnight15
Hiking On30
Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
On the Trail:	
Piano Edition40
Midget Size05
Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Onward15
To America25

Flags

American Flags			
Size	Material		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool.....		\$2.80
3x5 ft.	Wool.....		3.60
4x6 ft.	Wool.....		4.60
† Troop Flags			
Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2 x3 ft.	Wool....	\$2.60	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool....	4.20	15c " "
3 x5 ft.	Wool....	5.75	20c " "
4 x6 ft.	Wool....	8.50	20c " "
† Troop Pennants			
			Price
Lettered with any Troop No....			\$1.50
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.			

† G. S. Felt Emblems

3x4	35c
4x5	40c
6x7	45c
7x10	55c

Signal Flags

Flag Set complete.....	\$0.75
------------------------	--------

Includes:

1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed	
6-ft. Staff	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
Web Carrying Case	
1 pr. of Semaphore Flags including	
Sticks and Carrying Case....	.50
1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with	
Jointed Staff and Carrying Case	.60
1 pr. of Morse Code Flags without	
Jointed Flagstaff or Carrying	
Case25

Stafs

7 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
G. S. Emblem	\$6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle..	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear..	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate	1.60
Flag Carrier	2.60

Literature

	Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25
Brownie Game Book50
Brown Magic for Brown Owls...	1.25
Brownie Pamphlet15
Brownie Report75
Blue Book of Rules25
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)..	2.00
Campward Ho!75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover	.50
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout	
Year25
Community Service Booklet—	
Each10
Per dozen	1.00
First Aid Book—	
New Edition80
Games and Recreational Methods	
for Clubs, Camps and Scouts	
(By Chas. F. Smith).....	2.00
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Girl Scout Game Book35
Girl Scout Handyfacts	2.35
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Per dozen	1.00
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Flexible Cloth Cover80
English Girl Guide75

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SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

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Standard Price List Continued

Literature (Continued)		Price			Price
Home Service Booklet, each ...	\$0.10		Series of Law Cards		
Per dozen	1.00		Per hundred	\$4.50	
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop			"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"		
Pamphlet, each05		"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"		
Per hundred	4.50		"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"		
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.55		"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"		
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15		Any of above, each.....	.03	
Nature Program—			Per hundred	2.50	
A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders			Posters—		
in their Nature Work.....	.20		New Building Poster 9¼ x 11¼	.10	
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides			Per dozen	1.00	
Tenderfoot03		Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)15	
First Class and Rambler.....	.05		Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16	.15	
Second Class and Observer....	.10		Per hundred	10.00	
Per set of 3.....	.15		Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11..	.10	
Nature Projects—			Per hundred	8.00	
Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note-book cover	1.50		Scout Laws		
Projects, each40		Size 14 x 19.....	.30	
Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each.....	.10		Size 9 x 11.....	.10	
Star Project20		Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00	
Ye André Logge75		Scout Mastership	1.50	
Pageant—			Short Stories for Girl Scouts...	2.00	
Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each50		Tree Marker (not engraved)...	8.00	
Patrol Register, each.....	.15		Troop Management Course....	.75	
Patrol System for Girl Guides..	.25		Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)	1.55	
Plays—			Additional Sheets		
Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) Each15		Cash Record		
How St. John Came to Bencer's School			(15 sheets)25c. package	
A Pot of Red Geraniums			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c. ea.	
Why the Rubbish?			Treasurer's Monthly Record		
Everybody's Affair			(30 sheets)25c. package	
When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schrottky)			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.2c. ea.	
Magic Gold Pieces			Treasurer's or Scribe's Record		
(By Margaret Mochrie)			(15 sheets)25c. package	
Above six, each.....	.15		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	.3c. ea.	
Lots of ten or more, each....	.10		Individual Record		
Post Cards—			(30 sheets)25c. package	
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1 dozen sets.....	1.00		Troop Advancement Record		
Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer Sets cannot be broken)....	.15		3c. a sheet		
1 dozen sets.....	1.50		Troop Reports		
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Per hundred	4.50		Belt Hooks, extra	\$1.85	
Girl Scout's Promise.....	.05		Blankets—3¼-pound camel's hair	.05	
Per hundred	4.50		O. D.—3¼-pound all wool, size	5.50	
			66 x 80	4.75	
			Bugle	5.00	
			Braid—¼-inch wide, yard.....	.10	
			Buttons—Per set25	
			10s—6 L to set—dozen sets..	2.75	
			Camp Toilet Kit.....	2.35	
			Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	
			Compass, Plain	1.00	
			Compass, Radiolite Dial	1.50	
			Cuts		
			Running Girl	1.00	
			Trefoil75	
			First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	\$0.80	
			Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra..	.50	
			First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90	
			Flashlights, Small size.....	1.50	
			Large size	1.70	
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			Linen35	
			Box of three.....	1.00	
			Cotton20	
			Box of six.....	1.00	
			Haversacks, No. 1.....	3.00	
			No. 2	2.00	
			Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25	
			1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36 in. wide40	
			Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide	.60	
			Material for Brownie Uniform, 33-in. wide25	
			Knives, No. 1.....	1.60	
			No. 2	1.05	
			Sheath Knife	1.60	
			Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces..	3.00	
			Mirror—Unbreakable25	
			† Patterns—		
			Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	.15	
			Norfolk Suit, 34-44.....	.25	
			Brownie, 8-1030	
			Pocket Signal Charts, each....	.15	
			In lots of ten or more, each..	.10	
			Poncho (45x72)	3.50	
			Poncho (60x82)	4.75	
			Rings, Silver, 3 to 9.....	1.50	
			10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	4.00	
			Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.....	.15	
			Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10	
			Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt....	.50	
			Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per yard	4.75	
			Sewing Kit, Tin Case.....	.25	
			Aluminum Case50	
			Girl Scout Stationery55	
			Girl Scout Stickers—Each.....	.01	
			Per dozen10	
			Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11...	.55	
			Sun Watch	1.00	
			Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold).....	.02	
			3 for05	
			12 for15	
			100 for	1.00	
			Thread, Khaki spool.....	.15	
			Per dozen spools.....	1.20	
			† Uniform Make-up Sets—		
			Long Coat Uniform70	
			1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size	
			1 Pair Lapels		
			1 Spool of Thread		
			1 Set of Buttons	} Give pattern size	
			Two-piece Uniform85
			1 Short Coat Pattern		
			1 Skirt Pattern	} Give pattern size	
			1 Pair Lapels		
			1 Spool of Thread		
			1 Set of Buttons	} Give pattern size	
			No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers		
			Whistles20
			Wrist Watch, Radiolite.....		4.00

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization.

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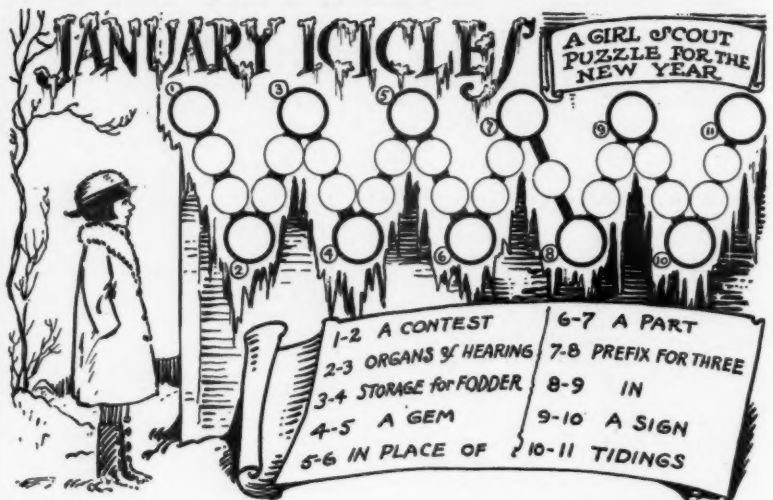
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OUR PUZZLE PACK

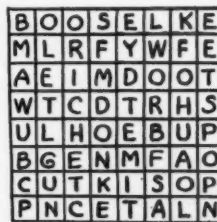


January Icicles

The sharp, cold January wind is whipping the powdery white snow up into high drifts, and Old Winter appears to have all nature bound beneath a frozen mantle. So it seems quite fitting that our puzzle this month should deal with icicles.

Here little Miss Iwanto B. A. Scout is making plans and decisions for the coming year. The icicles which she is studying take the form of a "word wave" puzzle and it is this which we are going to solve.

Fill the circles 1 to 2, 2 to 3, and so on, with the words which are defined on the panel in the picture. The letters in the darker circles should then form a word important to Girl Scouts, and others as well, at this time of year.



The CAMP CHECKER BOARD

A Puzzle Square

By JULIE BAILEY,
San Juan, P. R.

Move as a king in chess and see if you can spell out at least twenty things which a Girl Scout uses in camp.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, make SLED out of BOAT in seven moves.

An Enigma

By ELITEA BULKLEY,
Troop 3, Bayonne, N. J.

I am a well-known quotation of twenty-six letters. My 1, 2, 3 is a number. My 26, 20, 8 is a rodent. My 23, 24, 25 is an article. My 7, 6, 23 is a speck. My 19, 15, 10, 17, 13 means to wait upon. My 4, 16, 5, 9, 11, 12 is broken into small parts. My 21 and 22 is negative, and my 14, 18, 18 is to look at.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

Construct a five-letter word square with words of the following definitions:

1. The summit of a hill.
2. A stream of water.
3. To elude.
4. A city in France.
5. General tendency.



The Tenderfoot's Dilemma

Here is a little transposition puzzle. The blank space in this Girl Scout's remark can be filled in with two different words using the same five letters. Then we shall know what they gave her, and what she has lost.

An Acrostic

The capital letters of seven three-letter words which are defined below will make the name of a well known state.

1. To agitate the air.
2. A piece of timber.
3. Something to row with.
4. To press with force.
5. Congealed water.
6. Animal of canine family.
7. A wood cutting instrument.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE SUM: Mirror, STar, LEaf, TOP, Eye. (Mistletoe.)

A WORD DIAMOND: Bananas.

AN ENIGMA: Do your Christmas shopping early.

WORD JUMPING: SNOW, slow, blow, blot, boot, boon, born, barn, warn, warm.

A CHARADE: Copper.

AN ACROSTIC: Dublin, Naples.

Make new discoveries—and helpful ones, too—by reading our advertisements

GREAT NEWS, GIRLS!

From Your Own Girl Scout Director



JOSEPH P. KENNEDY
presents



Fred

THOMSON

YOUR brother Scouts have made a picture and what a thrill picture it is!

It's all about a wonderful girl and a Troop of Boy Scouts who save a man from a perilous situation—a real adventure.

He's a great fellow, too—you can imagine that splendid, athletic Fred Thomson in the part—and he does repay them. He saves one of the boys from tremendous peril. And the girl—well, that's where the most delightful romance comes in!

Read what your own Director thinks of this picture. She is writing to your Girl Scout Captains, telling them to tell you about it. But we, too, are sending you this word so that you can speak to the manager of your favorite theatre and tell him that you want to see this picture as quickly as possible!



And the Horse With a Personality

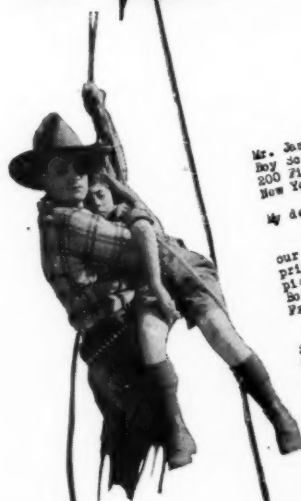
Silver King

in

"A REGULAR SCOUT"

with

**Mary Carr, T. Roy Barnes
and Robert McKim**



Directed by
David Kirkland

GIRL SCOUTS



November 29, 1926

Mr. James E. West
Boy Scouts of America
200 Fifth Avenue
New York City.

My dear Mr. West:

Mrs. Frederick May, the Chairman of our National Field Committee, and I had the privilege the other day of reviewing the moving picture, "A Regular Scout", made by the Film Booking Offices of America, and starring Mr. Fred Thomson, a former Boy Scout Commissioner.

We want to congratulate the Boy Scouts of America on their Troop #2 of Sierra, California, and on the splendid work done by Mr. Thomson.

The picture appealed to us as a clean and wholesome one, replete with action, and splendidly portraying the true Scout spirit that should hold the interest of girls, boys, and grown-ups as well.

"A Regular Scout" will do much to carry forward the banner of Scouting to the highways and byways, and you have my hearty wish that much will be its accomplishment.

Cordially yours,

Anna Dexter Riffin

Director



FILM BOOKING OFFICES of America Inc.



"Real Writing Mileage at Last!"

ACTUAL SIZE PHOTOGRAPH MEN'S MODEL

Girls!

Here's the Pen that Women Adore! *Because* It Is So Easy to Fill; *because* One Filling Lasts So Long and *because* You Can Always See How Much Ink Is In It!

Here's How You Can Earn This Finest of All Pens Without Cost!

You Can See Right Through This Pen

Only \$2.50

THE man who invented this amazing pen consented to let us sell it only under one condition—that we work out a plan whereby the price would be within the reach of every one, instead of selling it at \$7 or \$8.75, the price of other pens of equal quality.

Of course, it was impossible to sell this remarkable pen through the stores. Their profit alone on a \$7 or \$8.75 pen is more than what you would actually pay for the POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN. And so we decided to let Uncle Sam do the selling for us—through the United States mails.

The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" When Empty

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is distinctive in design and contains features which are not found in any other pen. It is transparent, so you can always see when it needs filling. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method, the easiest ever devised. Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

SEND NO MONEY Five Days' FREE Trial!

Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 179, 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman \$2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 5 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Send me the model I have checked.
☐ Men's size. ☐ Girls' size.

Don't Wait—
Tear Off
and Mail
Coupon
NOW

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....
If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon



No Other Pen Has All These Features

It is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

It is Unbreakable—You can even step on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for life-time service.

It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, Solid 14 Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

It is Self-Filling—The easiest of all pens to fill.

It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink Than Any Other Self-filling Pen—Fill it once a month—and get real "writing mileage."

And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in any other pen, whether sold at \$7.00, \$8.75 or more.

How You Can Actually Earn a Postal Pen Without Cost

With each Postal Pen you receive, absolutely FREE, 5 Premium Post Cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another Postal Pen. The members of your troop can easily sell these cards at fifty cents each and earn back the cost of your Postal Pens. You can sell them, give them away, or use them as party souvenirs, if you wish. We will send you these cards so that you and your troop-members may have an opportunity to secure, without expense, the most dependable and unusual fountain pen ever made, the one pen so sure to please that its manufacturer can afford to let you try it out before you buy it.

But mail coupon right away—don't wait. You'll want to give several Postal Pens for gifts after you've proved their amazing merit for yourself. Send no money—mail coupon now.

Postal

RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., Inc., Desk 179
41 Park Row New York City

ACTUAL SIZE PHOTOGRAPH GIRLS' MODEL

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